

NOVEMBER 10, 1883

# THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 728.—VOL. XXVIII.

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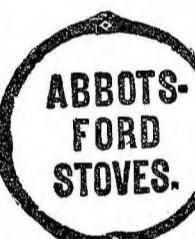
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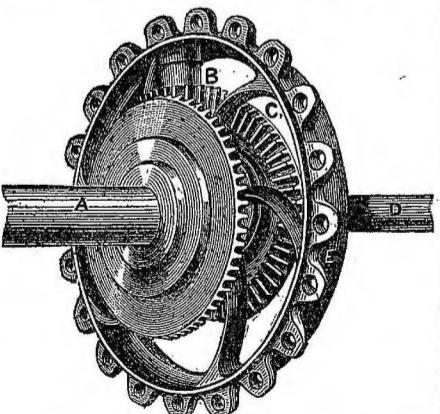
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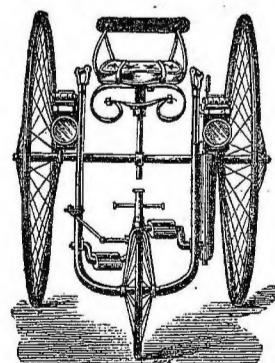
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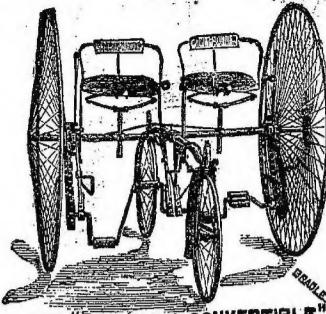
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## Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE AT THE GUILDHALL.—The high expectations with which most politicians look forward to the speech of the Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet are usually disappointed. In times of great public excitement the Premier of the day sometimes makes an important statement, but as a rule he contents himself with offering a general review of the political situation, which throws little fresh light upon the immediate intentions of the Cabinet. Fortunately there is nothing in the present circumstances of the country which could afford an opportunity for sensational revelations. Our relations with France have not been so friendly for some time as most Englishmen would wish them to be, but Mr. Gladstone would excite intense surprise if he said anything that did not tend to allay rather than to increase the irritability of our neighbours. The state of Ireland has often compelled Mr. Gladstone to take a new departure, and by-and-by he may be confronted by a very serious difficulty in Ulster. In the mean time, however, the Government have no alternative but to continue the policy by which they have hitherto sought to solve the almost insoluble Irish problem, preventing by the Crimes Act any dangerous manifestation of the discontent which the Land Act has failed to remove. As regards general domestic legislation, Mr. Gladstone might, no doubt, if he pleased, gratify public curiosity by announcing the order in which he proposes to deal with the questions that remain for the consideration of the present Parliament; but he has no secrets to disclose as to the nature of his future measures. Everybody knows what are the evils for which he hopes to provide a remedy; and the principles on which his schemes must be based are already the commonplaces of the Liberal party. On the whole, Mr. Gladstone has good reason to be satisfied with his present position. He still enjoys the confidence of an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons; and although the Conservatives are evidently preparing to offer strenuous resistance to his Reform Bill, there is no sign that they have made much way in the country lately. It has become more and more clear that Lord Salisbury is their foremost statesman; and, however much his ability may be admired, he is not likely to win the allegiance of the class who occupy the borderland between the two contending factions.

M. TRICOU'S TELEGRAM.—In the closing discussion, last week, on the Tonquin question, M. Jules Ferry made a decided hit. He announced that M. Tricou, the French Agent at Pekin, had telegraphed that Li Hung Chang had emphatically disavowed the Marquis Tseng. To the innocent members of the Chamber of Deputies, who, like most of their countrymen, are not too well informed concerning foreign countries, M. Ferry's statement conveyed the same idea as if it had been said—to take the example of another country—that Prince Bismarck had disavowed the German Ambassador at Paris. Doubtless this bold statement secured the votes of some wavering Deputies, and helped to ensure the Government victory. So far, so good. But unfortunately the statement possesses the same defects as the would-be naturalist's famous definition of a crab: "A fish that walks backwards." "Your definition," said Cuvier, "is correct, save in two particulars. A crab is not a fish, and it does not walk backwards." In like manner, Li Hung Chang is not the superior of the Marquis Tseng, for he is only the Governor of Petchili, and he has not disavowed his fellow-countryman. In whatever way this unlucky statement may be explained by M. Ferry, it has without doubt helped to intensify the ill-feeling between France and China. Indeed, to judge from the interview between the correspondent of the *Gaulois* and the Marquis Tseng, war would seem to be inevitable. M. Waddington, on the other hand, is far more sanguine, saying that affairs in Tonquin may give rise to long diplomatic *pourparlers*, but will lead to no kind of rupture. From purely selfish motives, as we said last week, we fervently hope that M. Waddington is right. A great deal may be got in this world by putting on a bold face, and this is a policy which the Chinese thoroughly understand. They may hope to frighten the French (and this seems to be the theory of the French Government) by threatening a war which they have no real intention of waging. But if the Chinese believe that French ascendancy in Tonquin will, unless checked, end in French dominion over the Empire, they may think it better to fight at once, hoping, and perhaps not without good reason, that before long a powerful ally will join them. If England does go to war, it will not be to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire, but because some incident is almost certain to occur which will arouse popular indignation. Even in Madagascar, where our interests are comparatively trifling, there was imminent danger of a breach of the peace, and a hot-headed officer might have fired a shot which, like that of the "embattled farmers" of New England, would have "echoed round the world." Our French friends should ponder seriously over this aspect of the Tonquin question.

THE EDUCATION CODE.—The indictment brought against the New Education Code by several large Associations of Elementary Teachers should certainly engage Mr. Mundella's attention. If the teachers are of opinion that

the work required by the New Code is "considerably more than can be done by an ordinary child in an ordinary school during the regular school hours," the Code will have to be amended. A well-informed writer in the *Standard* has pointed out that one of the principal flaws of the Code lies in the system of "per-centages," by which the State grant allowed to teachers is made to depend on their power of cramming children in view of certain examinations which demand more than these children can learn fairly. Another piece of foolishness consists in marking as having failed in the examination those pupils who from any cause are absentees. A teacher may thus have his grant diminished simply because some of his pupils may happen to be ill at the time of the examination, or because they have been ill before the examination, and have been thereby incapacitated from preparing for it. It is no doubt difficult to organise off-hand a system by which both teachers and pupils shall be kept up to a certain standard of industry and attainments, and it must be hoped therefore that party spirit will not enter into any debates that may take place in the House of Commons on the imperfections of the Code. Mr. Mundella may be trusted to see for himself that a mistake has been committed in asking young heads to do too much, and in subjecting teachers to rules which make it impossible that they should educate children properly. Party recriminations would be out of place here. The New Code was necessarily tentative, and if it is proved to have failed, the most competent men of both parties should co-operate in contriving a better one. It is only by such co-operation that any good can be done.

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION IN ENGLAND.—The Dean of York expresses strong disapproval of the movement for celebrating in England the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth; and he justifies the course he has taken by referring to the subject of one of the speeches which is to be delivered at Exeter Hall on Monday. This subject is, "Romanism the parent of national insubordination, pauperism, and crime." If any one has really been asked to support so extreme a proposition, we may say with confidence that the Exeter Hall meeting will in no sense represent the opinions of the great majority of Luther's admirers in this country. That the Roman Catholic Church had fallen into a thoroughly corrupt state before Luther's time everybody admits; and the majority of Englishmen agree that the world owes Luther a deep debt of gratitude for the part he played in weakening the influence of the Papacy. But only fanatics will pretend that "Romanism" as it exists now is no better than "Romanism" as it existed in the early part of the sixteenth century. The truth is that the Roman Catholic Church benefited largely by the Reformation. It purged itself of many of its abuses, and during the last three hundred years it has always included among its leaders men whose moral influence has not been inferior to that of the foremost Protestants. In representing "Romanism" as "the parent of national insubordination, pauperism, and crime," the promoters of the Exeter Hall meeting are probably thinking chiefly of the state of Ireland; but they must be aware that only a small number of educated persons will applaud their theory as to the origin of Irish troubles. The commemoration of Luther's great deeds ought not to be associated with controversies of this kind. He owes his place in history to the fact that he represented a principle which has become the basis of civil life in every progressive country, and it is possible for those who appreciate his character to do full justice to him without giving offence to any class of their fellow-citizens.

THE MODERN SIEGE OF DERRY.—Some of our philosophical English Radicals are sorely scandalised at the Ulstermen because they decline to hold out the hand of friendship to the Parnellites. For Lord Mayor Dawson to lecture on the franchise may appear a very innocent thing to the English Radical seated in his arm-chair, but the men of Derry are aware that there is much force in the hackneyed saying about "the thin end of the wedge," and so they seized and occupied the Town Hall. They are too near the scene of outrage to wish the firebrands brought to their own door, and now that in this island the ordinary perils of railway travelling are enhanced by the devilish plots of Irish-American dynamitards, a good many of our own people are getting to think that, although liberty of speech may be a fine thing, addresses which tend to disloyal agitation, and which encourage the commission of murder and other outrages, had far better remain undelivered. The sole charge against the Orangemen of any real plausibility is this, that religious animosity had been gradually dying out in Ireland, but that their recent conduct has revived it. If this charge were true, it would constitute a very serious bill of indictment against the Orangemen; but it is not sustainable. It is quite true that the Orangemen were originally a religious as well as a political organisation, but it is equally certain that in their late opposition to the Parnellite invasion they have posed, not as Protestants, but as loyalists. The lower classes of Ireland, from whose ranks the Nationalist Party derives its strength, are chiefly Roman Catholics, but they are not necessarily Nationalists because of their creed. On the contrary, thousands of respectable Roman Catholics throughout Ireland—in their hearts at all events, whatever they might venture to say openly—must have sympathised with the Orangemen in their recent attitude rather than with their

opponents, being well aware that, though the religious belief of the Orangemen may be discordant with their own, the former and not the latter are the real champions of law and liberty.

INHOSPITABLE LAW COURTS.—There was a subdued tone in the letter of the juryman who wrote to the *Times* the other day to complain of the treatment he had endured at the Central Criminal Court. He was kept in attendance for a week; he was boxed up in a narrow pen every day from 10 A.M. to past 7 P.M., till rheumatic cramp seized him; he was allowed only twenty minutes for lunch, and he was unable to procure more than a sandwich. Yet this long-suffering gentleman has nothing to suggest except that the jury boxes may be widened a little, and that it may please the Corporation—this he prays humbly—to provide jurymen with a free luncheon. We have heard something of the Voracious Vestryman, and we might soon hear of the Voracious Jurymen if the Corporation hearkened to such a prayer as the above; nor is it certain that luncheons served on the usual civic scale would be altogether desirable things for men who are expected to consider evidence with cool heads. We might come to hear of the Drowsy Juryman if the City were to show itself too hospitable. But seriously there is room for improvement in the arrangements of our Law Courts; and we must particularly note the grievance of the barrister who has complained that on the opening day of Term he was refused admittance to the Great Hall of the Courts of Justice, though he was wearing his wig and gown. Mr. Gladstone was rebuffed in the same manner a few months ago, when he went to hear his old friend, Sir Robert Phillimore, take leave of the Bench, and it is strange that the rules of the Law Courts should not have been altered after this absurd incident. The public used to be admitted to Westminster Hall, and it may be urged that the people have a constitutional right to enter the building where justice is administered so long as they can do so without creating disorder which would impede justice. The officials of the Courts must naturally have discretion to clear the Great Hall of loafers who would convert the place into a lounge; but the authorities, whoever they may be, who have placed obstacles in the way of persons wishing to go and hear causes tried, have taken too much upon themselves.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.—A meeting was held the other evening in the St. Pancras Vestry Hall for the purpose of promoting State-aided emigration. It was summoned by well-known philanthropists, who carefully arranged the business to be transacted. Those who came together, however, showed that they had no disposition to accept the proposals submitted to them. It was objected that in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, the supply of labour is already in excess of the demand, and that the true remedy for pauperism is "home colonisation." By this, of course, was meant the nationalisation of the land; and a large majority, apparently with much enthusiasm, voted in favour of Mr. George's scheme. There seemed to be a general feeling in the meeting, too, that it is the duty of the State not only to appropriate the land for the benefit of the working classes, but to provide them with employment in cities. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of this demonstration; but to say that it has no importance would be extremely foolish. The Trades Union delegates in Paris have shown that the official representatives of English workmen still retain a wholesome dislike of fussy attempts on the part of the State to control the operation of economic forces. Behind the leaders of Trades Unions, however, there is evidently a growing party which has ardent faith in the power of Governments to make an end of poverty. Multitudes of working men seem to have been deeply influenced by Mr. George's book, and to be eager to take part in some great movement against both capitalists and landlords. It is constantly said that there is no danger of all this ferment leading to Socialistic agitation. John Bull, it is thought, is far too practical to be misled by vague fancies and mischievous crotches. But it should be remembered that twenty-five years ago Socialists were a small and obscure party in Germany, whereas now there is not a village in the Empire in which they are not to be found. What reason is there for believing that the development of Socialism may not be even more rapid among ourselves? The gulf between rich and poor is as great here as anywhere; and the whole tendency of recent legislation has been, as Mr. Goschen pointed out in his admirable lecture on "Laissez-faire," to discourage the old-fashioned teaching as to the virtues of "self-help."

PORTUGAL AND THE CONGO.—The Circular recently issued on this subject by the Portuguese Government is not put forth merely to refute the alleged charges made by the International Institute of Law. The sovereignty of the Congo has become one of the burning questions of the day, and, as our Government has undertaken not to decide the question without reference to Parliament, it will doubtless form the subject of an important debate in the ensuing Session. The first point which strikes the investigator of this topic is that there would be no Congo Question at all if the Portuguese had continued to be as enterprising and energetic as they were three or four centuries ago. Their conquest and occupation of South-West Africa would by this time be so thorough that the Congo would be as indisputably a Portuguese river as the Hooghly

is a British river. The Portuguese, however, have managed their possessions in this quarter of the world in rather a sleepy, easy-going fashion; and one proof of this is that scarcely anybody out of Portugal had an idea, till comparatively the other day, of the importance and magnificence of the Congo river. For its body of water and its navigability, it is the prince of African rivers, even exceeding the Nile; and yet the best maps, published less than fifteen years ago, give it a very faint and uncertain recognition. Now that the value of the Congo has been discovered, other nations besides the Portuguese wish to use it without hindrance as a waterway, and a general desire is expressed that it should be internationalised, like the Danube, that the freedom of trade should not be strangled by jealous tariffs imposed at its mouth, and finally, that the limits of the Portuguese dominions in this part of Africa should be clearly defined. We may express a hope, however, that, in the negotiations which are about to ensue, the claims of Portugal will receive due consideration. Her policy may be unsuited to an era of hurry and excitement; but the valuable evidence lately tendered by our artist, Mr. H. H. Johnston, inclines us to believe that Portuguese domination has probably been more conducive to the happiness of the natives than that of a more go-ahead nation would have been. It is a sign of general contentment that a handful of Portuguese manage a multitude of natives, and it is very questionable whether their apprenticeship system is not better for the negroes (as it would be better for a good many white folks also) than the liberty to do nothing which prevails in our West India Islands. Lastly, Portugal has bestowed so many food-producing plants (imported from the Brazils) on this part of Africa, that Mr. Johnston wonders on what the natives lived before the Portuguese arrived there.

**MACES AND CROSIERS.**—A generation or two ago the Mayor of Marlborough, who objects to maces and furred gowns, would have been thought to be moving with the times. Reformers, Quakers, and writers of the pooh-poohing school, like Thackeray and Dickens, prophesied the abolition of baubles, and commended American simplicity to our example; but progress has not flowed in the direction expected, and the Americans themselves are beginning to understand the value of insignia which mark the dignity of an office. Proudhon may have been right from his point of view in anathematising the first savage who stuck an eagle's feather in his hair and covered his shoulders with a wild beast's skin; but these trophies of the chase were, after all, things to be proud of; and so now the furred gowns of our Mayors may be said to symbolise the struggles of all sorts in which a man must be victorious before he comes to be chief magistrate of a town. The Mayor of Marlborough has had to yield to the opinions of his fellow-citizens, and he must remember, when he sports his gown and marches to church preceded by his mace-bearer, that things might have been worse with him had he lived in ancient times, even under a Republic. The Senate of Rome, to honour Duilius, voted that he should always be preceded by a flute-player; and there is a painful story of this unfortunate Admiral slinking out of his house to go and pay his addresses to a young lady, and being chivied by the irrepressible flutist, whose loud skreeing soon brought a mob on the gallant seaman's track. Maces are likely to remain in honour for a long time, and there is every chance that crosiers too will soon be used again by the Bishops, notwithstanding the outcry that has been raised against them as Papist symbols. Crosiers are not Popish things, but simply emblems of the shepherd's crook, though why Bishops should originally have chosen this emblem is not to be explained on any ground that would satisfy either a modern theologian or a lover of sheep. For the crook is a somewhat cruel instrument, intended to catch up sharply by the leg a sheep who wants to stray out of the fold. Bishops in these times are generally of opinion that it is best to let the erratic sheep go; so the crosier, though it may look well on a coat-of-arms or in a prelate's hand, is practically an emblem void of sense.

**A GOOD SOCIETY.**—It has often been truly said that the best way to attack intemperance is to provide means of rational amusement for the classes who are most exposed to the temptation of excessive drinking. Now, there is one Society—"The People's Entertainment Society"—which has been doing excellent work of this kind for some years. In the course of five seasons it has given upwards of a hundred free concerts, and the music it provides is of a kind that would be appreciated even by persons of highly cultivated taste. It might have been thought beforehand that good audiences would never be attracted by such an entertainment as this. Those superb people who are always expressing contempt for the common mass of humanity would have prophesied without hesitation the speedy and complete failure of the experiment. They would have been wrong, however. The concerts of the Society have been attended by eager crowds; and from many different parts of London it receives urgent requests for aid. The truth seems to be that a great many persons have hitherto attended vulgar music-halls because they have not been able to find a better way of spending their evenings. When they have a chance of enjoying what is really good, they avail themselves of it willingly; and the excellent effects produced by the change may be allowed to "go without saying." The Society appeals earnestly for help, and we cannot doubt that its appeal will be responded to generously. Subscriptions

could not be given for a better object; and some who cannot offer money may be of even greater service by volunteering to act as vocalists, instrumentalists, reciters, and teachers of choral and orchestral unions.

**M. DE LESSEPS.**—The constant occurrence of fresh excitements tends to dim the memory of preceding incidents, and a good many people have probably forgotten how the Government scheme for the enlargement and improvement of the Suez Canal collapsed under the storm of public discontent. It was generally felt that the Government were proposing to give to M. de Lesseps and his associates a very valuable *quid* without any corresponding *quo* in return. What our merchants and shipowners demand is an adequate canal free from undue French interference, and this they have certainly not got at present. M. de Lesseps' utterances at the Guildhall Banquet will not take place till after these lines are in print, but he may take it for granted that, although he is held in high respect in this country as the constructor of one of the greatest engineering works of this century, the people of England, who in their national capacity hold nearly half of the Canal stock, and send more ships and cargoes through that thoroughfare than any other country, will not be satisfied until they get a bigger and better canal under genuinely cosmopolitan management.

**HOBGOBLINS.**—The strange phenomena which are reported to have occurred at Wood's Farm, near Wem, will probably be traced to some agency like that of the famous Cock Lane Ghost. But the ghost, whose authenticity Dr. Johnson thought it worth while to investigate, contented itself with making unearthly noises; whereas the elves who are said to have scared Farmer Hampson and his family have been mischievous enough to throw saucepans off the fire, set light to a baby's clothes, and make a kitchen table kick a friend of Farmer Hampson's in the eye. They must be hobgoblins of the same family as the Korrigan, whose misdeeds are a continual cause of lamentation in Breton villages. These Korrigan are of two sorts, the good and bad; but while the good make themselves popular by doing the work of dairymaids for their hosts at night, the bad ones are so unmannerly as to mix needles with the butter, and to tweak the noses of poor servant-girls dozing by kitchen fires. Brittany also has its Washerwomen of the Night, who may be seen wringing their clothes after dark on the moors. If a stranger passes they will invite him to join in their work, and should he wring the clothes properly he will be allowed to depart; but in the contrary case he will be thrashed with the wet linen till he falls senseless. It has been noticed that incorrigible drunkards are often found senseless and black and blue from beating on the moors—a clear proof that the Washerwomen are no imaginary creatures. They may be paired off with the Pyxies, in whom some of our English peasants still devoutly believe, and whom the Salopians appear to regard as the authors of what has just taken place at Wem. It will be remembered that when Parsons and his daughter, the concocters of the Cock Lane hoax, were put in the pillory, the London mob warmly took their part; but if the ghost of Wood's Farm should speculate on this precedent he may find himself disappointed. At least we may hope he will.

## THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER. READY DECEMBER 3.

The ordinary weekly circulation of "THE GRAPHIC" has this year reached the highest number ever attained since its commencement, and the Proprietors are thereby enabled, not only to improve the paper generally, but to still further increase the interest of the forthcoming CHRISTMAS NUMBER by presenting

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INSTEAD OF ONE AS HERETOFORE.**

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(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, one entitled "DOLLY VARDEN," from the Picture by Edgar Hanley, the other "THE RULING PASSION," from the Picture by Laslett J. Pott, both exhibited at the Royal Academy.

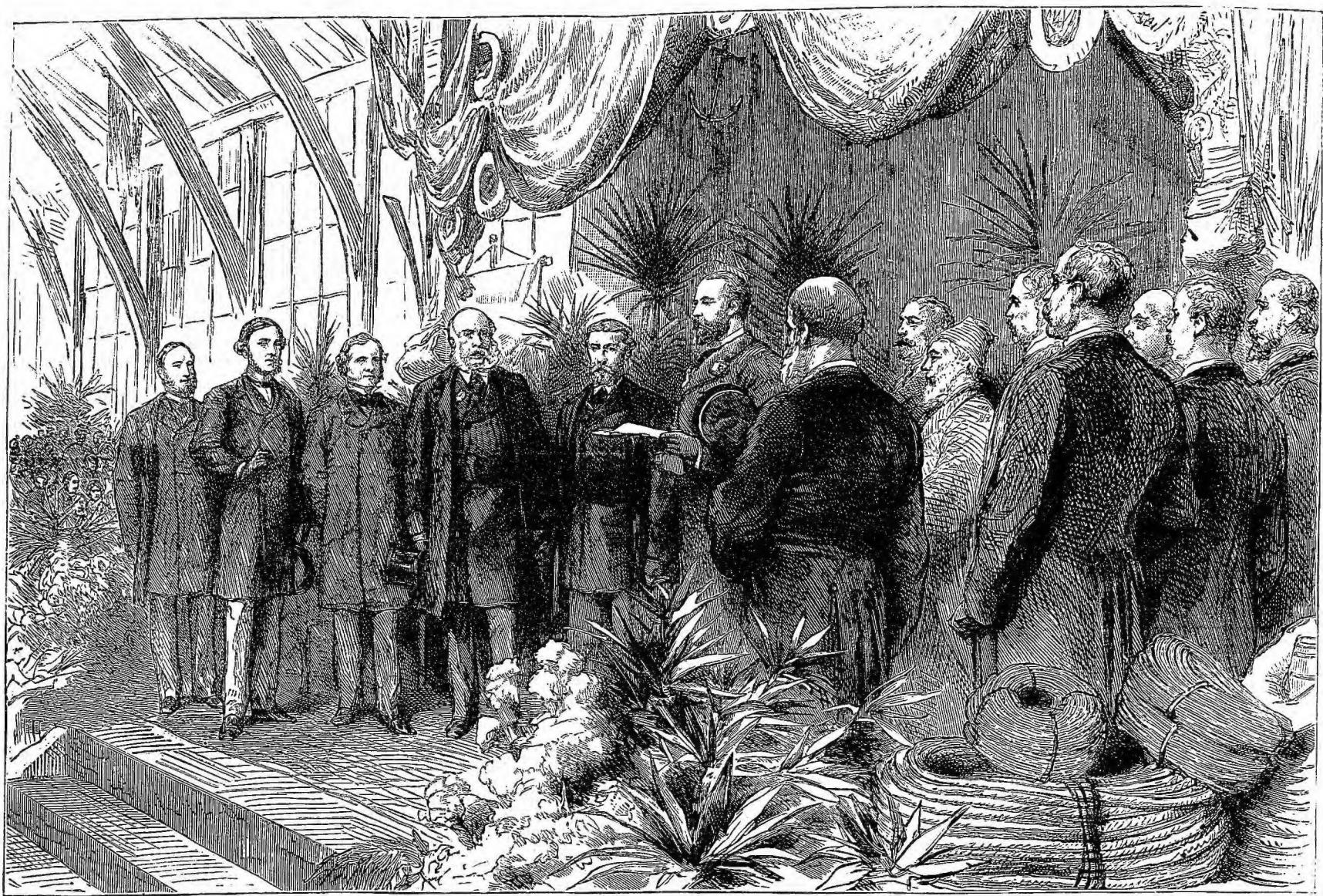


### THE MARQUESS OF LORNE

JOHN GEORGE EDWARD HENRY DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND, Marquess of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, K.T., P.C., G.C.M.G., was born August 6th, 1845, and was educated at Eton, St. Andrew's, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was formerly Captain in the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, is Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the Argyll and Bute Volunteer Artillery, and Honorary Colonel 5th Volunteer Battalion Highland Light Infantry. He sat as M.P. for Argyllshire (L.) 1868-1878, was Private Secretary to his father at the India Office 1868-1871, and has been Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of Prince Edward's Island from 1878 to 1883. On the completion of his five years' term of office he was succeeded in the Governor-Generalship by the Marquess of Lansdowne, and has, as stated below, just returned to England. On March 22nd, 1871, he married H.R.H. the Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, fourth daughter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. Notman, Montreal, Canada.

### THE CLOSING OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION

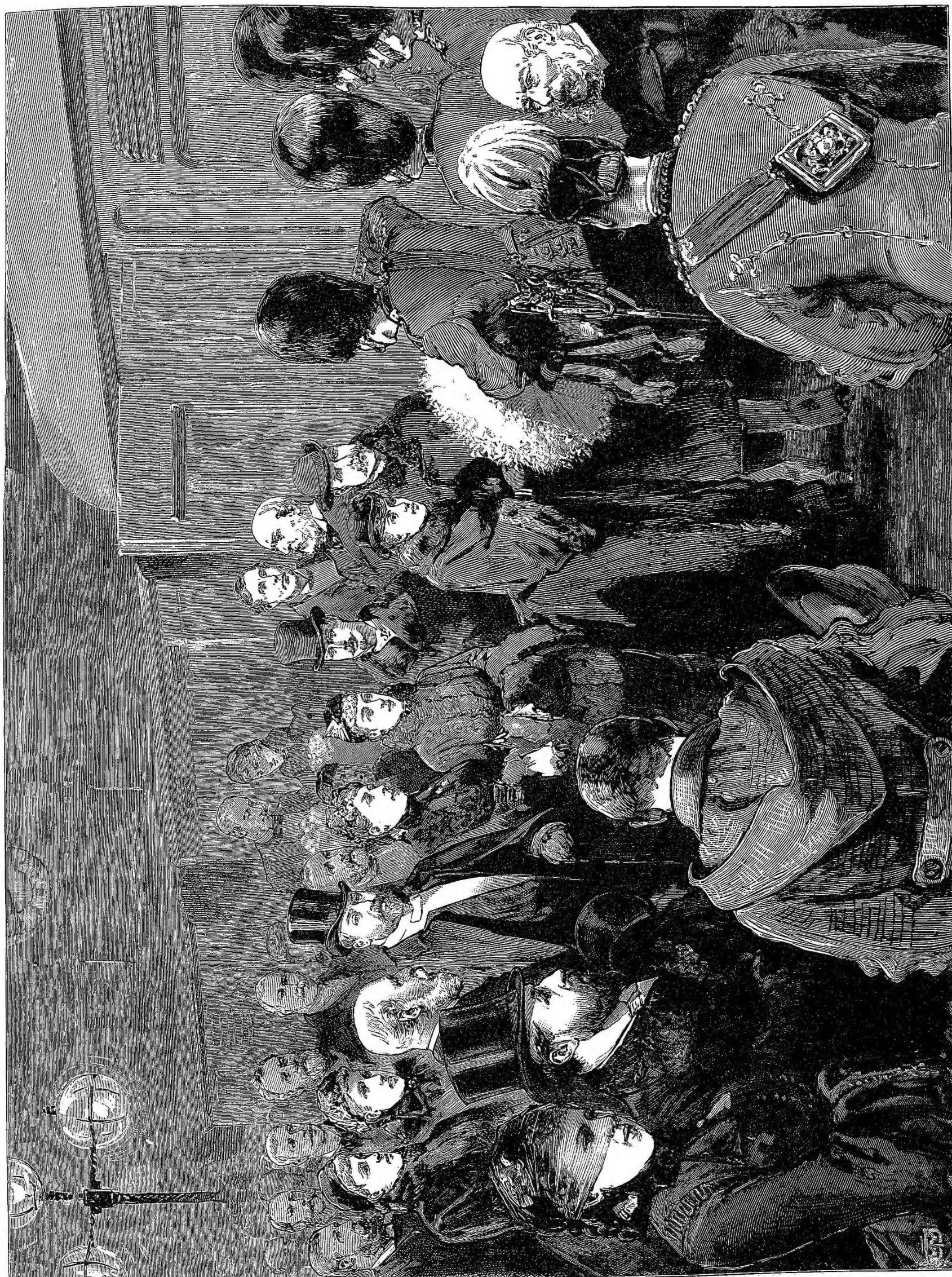
ON Wednesday week the Prince of Wales formally closed what must be pronounced one of the most satisfactory International Exhibitions, both from a popular and a financial point of view, which has ever been held. The Fisheries Exhibition from its opening until the very day of its close, has been the favourite resort of all classes of Londoners, while thousands of country people, and of seaside folk in particular, have taken advantage of the cheap fares issued on this occasion by the railway companies. The closing ceremony was consequently marked by the unalloyed tone of congratulation which ran through all the speeches. On a dais in the Inland Fisheries Gallery stood the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge, while a host of official, diplomatic, and other celebrities were present. Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., first submitted the Report of the Executive Committee to the Prince whom, together with the Duke of Edinburgh, he warmly thanked for the interest they had shown in the undertaking. Commenting upon the multitude of visitors, he stated that the number who had passed



THE LAST OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION—THE PRINCE OF WALES DECLARING THE EXHIBITION CLOSED



A ROYAL ENTHUSIAST—A SKETCH IN QUEBEC HARBOUR



DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT FOR INDIA—SERGEANT-MAJOR PETER SMITH, OF THE FIRST BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS, PRESENTING A BOUQUET FROM THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS TO THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT CHARING-CROSS RAILWAY-STATION

A PORTRAIT GROUP

the turnstiles up to that day was 2,689,092—being a daily average of 18,545—against whom not a single case of disorderly conduct had been made. The sixpenny fish dinners had been eaten by 208,500 persons, who had consumed 73 tons of fish. Mr. Birkbeck then, reverting to the exhibits, announced that the aquarium would be presented to the nation through the medium of the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington Museum; and then, passing on to financial matters, announced that, while as yet it was not possible to give a financial statement, a substantial surplus remained.

The Prince of Wales, in reply, announced that the Queen had sent a telegram, expressing her satisfaction at the signal success of the Exhibition; and then, speaking of the disposal of the surplus, declared that no proposal would be satisfactory to the public “unless it is immediately directed towards the carrying out of the objects of the Exhibition from which the fund is derived, namely, the promotion of the welfare of fishermen, fisheries, and the fishing industry in general.” The Prince also urged the formation of a society for the collection of statistics and other information relating to fisheries, the diffusion of technical knowledge amongst the fishing population, and the discussion of matters relating to the fishing interests. His Royal Highness then announced the nature of the Exhibitions for the next three years. Thus, in 1884, there will be an Exhibition of objects relating to hygiene, such as food, clothing, and dwellings, together with appliances for general and technical teaching. In 1885 the Exhibition will be devoted to the progress of invention, especially in labour-saving machinery, since 1862—an Exhibition particularly designed for the benefit of poor inventors, the fruit of whose brains, as the Prince pointed out, can, under the new Patent Law, be protected at a much cheaper rate. Finally, in 1886, there is to be a British Colonial Exhibition, which it is hoped will result in the establishment of a permanent Colonial Museum in London—an institution the advisability of which the Colonial Commissioners so strongly urged upon the Prince of Wales in 1878. Other speeches were made by the Duke of Edinburgh, who announced that there had been 1,400 awards, and Sir William Harcourt, after which the Prince made the formal announcement that the Exhibition was closed.

#### A ROYAL ENTHUSIAST—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE SKETCHING IN QUEBEC HARBOUR

DURING her residence in Quebec the Princess Louise was very fond of sketching. She used to take her studio “in waiting” in tow of her steam launch, the *Nautilus*, and, with an aide-de-camp at the sculls, pull off to the desired point, to make rough sketches for her work at home.

The “studio” boat, of which we give a sketch in her shed at the Queen’s Wharf, is a very unassuming-looking craft. The *Nautilus* is a pretty boat, handsomely fitted up with awning in front, all saloon except the engine space and steering house.

Just before our sketch was made, a powerful steam-tug, not knowing H.R.H. was there, had passed, and given her the full benefit of the back wash of her screw. The A.D.C. had to scull out of the billows, but back came the Princess again, as coolly as ever, to finish her work.

The scene depicted shows the Citadel at Quebec from the Harbour Works, the Dufferin Terrace, and the Custom House. The Dufferin Terrace, with its four principal kiosks, shows better from this point of view than from any other; it is a quarter of a mile from end to end, 200 feet wide, and is undoubtedly the finest promenade of the kind in the world.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Woodford Pilkington, of Quebec.

#### THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING FOR INDIA

ON Friday week the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Charing Cross Railway Station on their way to India, where the Duke is to assume the command of the Meerut Division in the Bengal Presidency. A large and distinguished crowd assembled to bid the Duke and Duchess good-bye, and amongst them the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and the Duke of Cambridge. On the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on the platform, they received a hearty welcome, and numerous bouquets were presented to the Duchess, foremost among which was a magnificent bunch of white lilacs bordered by maiden-hair ferns. This, as our illustration shows, was presented by Sergeant-Major Peter Smith in the name of the non-commissioned officers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, of which regiment the Duke of Connaught is Colonel, and which furnished the guard of honour on the platform. After good-bye had been said by all, the Duke of Connaught being kissed on the right cheek by the Prince of Wales and on both cheeks by the Princess, the train left the station amidst the strains of the National Anthem and the cheers of the crowds both inside and outside the station. At Dover the Duke and Duchess were received by Major-General Newdigate and Staff, and embarked on board the *Invicta* for Calais.

#### MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIMALAYAS—KANCHINJINGA

WE gave a few weeks ago some account of the experiences of Mr. Graham, an experienced Alpine climber, in his attempt to scale these giants of the Asiatic Continent—and, indeed, of the whole world. He was accompanied by two professional Swiss guides; but hitherto, in spite of great pluck and perseverance, he had not been successful in mastering the higher peaks. This was not so much due to the inherent difficulty of the task as to the fact that the coolies who were employed to carry his *impedimenta* were apt to bolt rather than face the Arctic weather of the higher levels.

The Himalayas are geographically divided into three sections—western, central, and eastern. The most conspicuous peaks of the central section, which forms the so-called Nepal Highlands, are Dhawalagiri (26,826 feet), Gaurisankar or Everest (29,002 feet), and Kanchinjunga (28,156 feet). This last mountain, which thus far Mr. Graham has attempted in vain, lies to the north of Darjeeling, on the Sikkim frontier.

#### AMBULANCE DRILL BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

THIS latest form of ambulance drill has been practised in Vienna. It is presumed that a great battle has been fought, and that darkness has set in. The Ambulance Corps are busy picking up and attending to the wounded; but instead, as of yore, having to grope about the field by the dim glimmer of a lantern, they are able to pursue their humane avocation with speed and comfort owing to the powerful rays of a large electric light, which sheds its beams far and wide. The drill we illustrate was performed last month on the racecourse near the Electrical Exhibition by the volunteers of the Vienna Life Saving Association before the Crown Prince and several of the Archdukes. The lamp was placed with a reflector above the entrance of the Rotunda, and some sixty medical students who lay about the course were found and carried to the ambulance in less than a quarter of an hour.

#### THE ARLBURG RAILWAY

THE Bill for this enterprise, which is intended to connect Innsbrück and Bludenz, a distance of 147 kilometres, was sanctioned by the Austrian Government in 1880. Although on a smaller scale than the St. Gotthard, it may nevertheless be classed with Alpine railways of the first order.

At the village of St. Anton is the eastern entrance of the great tunnel, which is 11 kilomètres long, the St. Gotthard being 14.920, or only about one-third longer. Besides this great piece of engineering there are a number of shorter tunnels, viaducts, aqueducts, bridges, snow-roofs, and strong walls. The highest portion of the tunnel is 1,310 mètres above sea level, or 184 mètres higher than St. Gotthard. On one section the gradient is as steep as 28 in 100.

The cost of this railway is estimated at 36,000,000 florins, of which 16,000,000 will be expended on the tunnel alone. It was begun in the summer of 1880, and will probably be completed next year. This is quick work, but great progress has been made in the art of tunnel-boring since the Mont Cenis and St. Gotthard enterprises were undertaken. The line will connect the eastern portion of the Austrian Empire, including the important towns of Trieste and Fiume, with the extensive and increasing traffic on the Lake of Constance. The distance between Trieste and Switzerland, South Germany, and France will be shortened by 200 kilomètres.—Our engravings are from sketches by Herr Jehly, Thüringen, Bludenz, Austria.

#### THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION

See page 467

#### MISS NORTH, THE FLORAL ARTIST, SKETCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA

MISS NORTH is well known as a pictorial enthusiast of flowers. She has travelled in all parts of the world for the purpose of sketching flowers and flowering shrubs, and her designs are executed with a fidelity and an accuracy which render them of high value to the botanist, as well as interesting to untravelled persons who have no opportunity of seeing many rare and remarkable floral treasures in their natural habitat.

This talented lady has recently been sketching in the grand and picturesque Katberg range of mountains, about 40 miles from Grahamstown. The floral scenery of this district, with its thousands of botanical specimens indigenous to South Africa, is declared to be unrivalled. Miss North is not a botanist, although she is acquainted with most of the names of the plants she paints, as she always gets their scientific names as she travels along. Most of her pictures are done with a background of landscape, or, in the case of water plants, with the rushes and reeds of the river as a setting. She paints in oil, and her pictures are to be mounted as soon as she returns to England, and added to the collection which she presented to the England, and which are in the Museum at Kew Gardens.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Aldham and Aldham, Grahams-town, South Africa.

#### THE DUMAS MEMORIAL AT PARIS

ON Sunday a statue to Alexandre Dumas was unveiled in Paris, on the Place Malesherbes. A special interest was attached to the statue, as it was the last piece of sculpture on which the late Gustave Doré was engaged. He had long wished to execute an important work in bronze, which should stand in a public Parisian square, and, when some difficulty arose as to the proposed memorial to the great French novelist, Doré at once stepped forward and offered to execute it gratuitously. He never lived to see his work completed, however, as he had barely finished the sculpture for the casting when he died. Dumas, the *Times* correspondent tells us, is represented as he was in his later years, seated in flowing robes, in an armchair, leaning back, pen in hand, as though collecting his thoughts. Below, on the step of the marble pedestal, are seated three bronze figures in easy and thoroughly natural attitudes, a girl in the centre, with one of the books of Dumas open on her lap, and on each side a young man leaning over to join in the perusal. At the back of the pedestal is a figure—the Chevalier d’Artagnan—the favourite male character of Dumas. He is in the costume of the period, and stands in a graceful posture, one leg bent back on the seat, the other hanging down. On the two sides of the pedestal are inscribed the titles of Dumas’ works. The unveiling took place in the presence of a host of literary and artistic celebrities, many of whom made characteristic speeches, of which the most noteworthy was delivered by M. Edmond About, who gave an interesting sketch of the mode of life and of work of his dead friend, whom he termed “a great madman, who, in his deafening gaiety, possessed more real wisdom than all of us put together . . . a man of pleasure, who could set an example to all men of labour; a lover of amorous, political, and military adventures, who outshines alone more than three monasteries of Benedictines . . . a prodigal, who, after having wasted millions in every kind of generosity, left, without knowing it, a priceless heritage.”

#### RETURN OF THE MARQUESS OF LORNE

THE Marquess of Lorne, with the Princess Louise, arrived in the Mersey on Monday, the 5th inst., in the Allan Royal Mail steamer *Sardinian*. The Duke of Albany, who had come to meet his sister and brother-in-law, went alongside on board the Woodside ferry steamer *Lancashire*, which had been fitted up as a special tender. He was accompanied by Lord Seston and the Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. William Radcliffe. The weather had been wet early in the morning; but later on the sun shone out, and, as the shipping in the river and docks were decorated with bunting, the scene was of an animated description. A large assemblage of spectators had gathered together on the landing-stage, where also was stationed the police band, which struck up “The Campbells are Coming” as the Princess and Marquess stepped on to the stage. The distinguished travellers, who looked none the worse for a rough passage across the Atlantic, were received with hearty cheers.

The party then proceeded to the Town Hall, where a congratulatory address was read by the Recorder, Mr. J. B. Aspinall, Q.C. The Marquess, in reply, made an excellent speech, in which he dwelt on the regret which he and his wife felt in leaving Canada, and also alluded to the efforts which both of them had made to spread abroad a knowledge of the advantages and resources of the Dominion. Finally, he spoke of the friendly feeling which he hoped would always exist between Canada and America. He said, in conclusion: “Every patriot, be he Canadian, English, or American, must wish that friendship between the two countries to endure.”

The travellers were enthusiastically received at the railway station, took their seats in the 4.5 P.M. express for Euston, which they reached at 8.45 P.M. The Duke and Duchess of Albany (she met her husband at Euston) then drove to Buckingham Palace, while the Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne drove, amid loud cheers, to Kensington Palace.

#### ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY

THIS celebrated Central Asian traveller was born in 1832 at Szerdahely, in Hungary, and received his early education in a monastery at Pressburg. His early youth was thus passed in stirring times for his own country, when the Hungarian revolution was kept alive by such men as Kossuth, Bem, and Klapka, and was ultimately crushed by the interference of Russia—an intervention which Vambéry has manifestly never forgiven, and thence probably arises the intense dislike for that country which manifests itself throughout all his works. From a very early age Vambéry displayed the greatest aptitude for learning languages, and at two-and-twenty went to Constantinople, and became a translator in the Foreign Office. Having acquired an intimate knowledge of Mahomedan manners and customs, and also of the Tartar, Arabic, and Persian languages, after

six years he started for Persia, and then determined to penetrate into Central Asia—a region which no European had then ventured to traverse for centuries, Conolly excepted, and he only reached half way. For this journey Vambéry adopted the dress and disguise of a dervish, and journeyed to Khiva with a herd of fanatics who, had they discovered him, would have torn him to pieces. He thus visited Bokhara, Samarkand, and all the Oxus country with complete safety. On returning to Europe he was warmly pressed by the Russian Government to go to St. Petersburg and place the information which he had thus gathered at the disposal of the Czar. At the same time some of his friends strongly urged him to publish his books in England. Thereupon he exclaimed, “There can be no possible hesitation between the two,” and his first book was accordingly published in London, being followed in 1864 by “Sketches in Central Asia.” He has since written numerous works on Central Asia, besides doing journalistic work. Through his great intimacy with the Tartar languages, he still keeps up relations with Central Asia, whence, indeed, he frequently obtains valuable information. M. Vambéry is at present Professor of Oriental Languages at Pesth, and in April, 1880, paid a short visit to England, giving, during his stay, an interesting lecture at the Society of Arts on “Russia’s Influence over the Inhabitants of Central Asia during the last Ten Years.”—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

#### CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

MAYNE REID, whose stirring and adventurous stories were the delight of some two generations of boyish readers, was born in the North of Ireland in 1816. He was educated for the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but for this serious profession he had no taste. His passion was for travelling and for adventure, and in order to carry out his desires he sailed for America when he was little over twenty-one. He began by trading and hunting in company with Indians on the Red River. In 1840 he joined a body of volunteers who were about to proceed against the Mexican armed bands which had invaded Texas. He remained five years hunting on the prairies and journeying up the Missouri. When in 1845 war was declared between Mexico and the United States he joined the American Army with the rank of Captain, and signalled himself by his bravery on several occasions; for example, at the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, in the last charge of infantry at Churubusco, and in the forlorn hope at the assault of Chapultepec. When the war was over he was about to take part in the Hungarian Revolution, with a body of volunteers whom he had raised in New York, when the capitulation of Görgey put an end to the insurrection. Thereupon he proceeded to London, and devoted himself to a literary career. He produced a long series of novels, of which “The Scalp Hunters,” “The White Chief,” and “Oceola” are among the best known. Captain Mayne Reid died at Maida Hill on the 22nd ult. We regret to learn that his widow is left in straitened circumstances. Friends are endeavouring to get a grant from the Civil List for her. If any of our readers can help in this good work they will be aiding a deserving person.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., 187A, Piccadilly, W.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE IN ASIA MINOR

A NAVAL officer, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, writes: “We left Sigri on September 20th on receipt of the news of the earthquake, and anchoring off Tchesmè thought at first that the report had greatly exaggerated the damage. Such, however, was not the case. On landing comparatively little damage was visible in the town, though there were many cracked houses and split walls, but on riding outside every house I saw was in some degree damaged, and by the time we reached Linda, the first outlying village, we were well prepared for what we were eventually to witness. The village was not an absolute ruin, but no house had been left uninjured. Two and a-half miles further we entered a small town, Latejata, and a portion of this had been completely demolished and the inhabitants rendered homeless. Some of the unfortunate were camped out under wretched plank-and-canvas shelters, but the majority had no other protection than a rug or a blanket thrown over a pole or branch. Herrings in a cask will give a good notion how these miserable people were packed and huddled together. Some of the streets were entirely demolished, and as shocks were continually recurring the remainder were certainly not safe walking. We then went on to Reis-deré, some three miles distant, the scene of the greatest devastation. Here desolation was complete. The whole town was destroyed, the streets a mass of ruin, and the inhabitants had left the houses. Fortunately the shock occurred in the daytime, when the men were mostly in the fields. Seventeen women and children, however, were killed, and some fifty injured. These we visited. They were housed in tents or in wooden sheds, and were being attended to by one of the Turkish military doctors. All the inhabitants, some 8,000 in number, were encamped outside the town, planks for huts and provisions having been supplied to them. They seemed quite resigned to their fate, but what their condition will be when the cold and rain set in is impossible to say.” The town of Tchesmè, we may add, is on the coast of a peninsula in Anatolia, opposite the island of Scio, from which it is only separated by a narrow channel some twelve miles across.

#### THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY EXPLOSIONS—SIR W. HAROUR VISITING THE WOUNDED

IT will be remembered that those of the victims of the Praed Street outrage who were most seriously injured were detained at St. Mary’s Hospital, the remainder, after their wounds had been dressed, preferring to return to their own homes. The patients in the hospital were subsequently visited by Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, accompanied by Mr. Norton, surgeon of the hospital, who has the cases under his care. The Home Secretary has considerably taken care that the families of these poor people shall not suffer during the time that they are prevented from working. Each of the patients has given his version of the occurrence. James Turner, a porter, of 85, Abingdon Road, Kensington, says that after the train had left Praed Street Station he saw a very bright light reflected on the side of the carriage, then felt his face severely scorched, and was thrown back, stunned, and half-suffocated. John Hodnett, whose head and face were severely injured, said that all of a sudden he felt a dreadful crash, and was thrown violently towards the side of the carriage. The next moment the gas lamp was dislodged and fell, the glass cutting his eyes and face. George Patey, a carpenter, who was also seriously injured, described the awful suspense which prevailed after the explosion, when he and a mass of fellow passengers were struggling as if for life in total darkness until they reached Edgware Road. Elizabeth Lee told how a train passed them after the explosion, and momentarily lighted up a ghastly and sickening spectacle of men and women bleeding profusely from fearful gashes in the head and limbs. Corporal Warren of the 4th Queen’s Own Hussars, who received very severe cuts on the head and face, could remember nothing but a bright flash, a terrible report, and that a soldier picked him up as he staggered out of the train. All these patients had the drums of their ears ruptured by the violence of the shock. By the latest accounts, all the sufferers were doing well, and, excepting John Hodnett, whose injuries were the worst of all, have been able to leave their beds.

#### “THE RULING PASSION”

“CHACUN À SON GOÛT,” which we may punningly translate, “Even with the gout a man may enjoy himself!” Thus the hero

of Mr. Laslett Pott's picture, albeit he is tortured with arthritic pangs, forgets his agonies in the ecstasy of this highly intellectual entertainment. He cannot go to the cockpit, so he has the cockpit brought to him, and a "main" is fought on a strip of carpet in his own drawing-room, a few friends, thorough connoisseurs, to judge from their faces and attitudes, being invited to witness the sport. One pleasure is denied to this eighteenth-century gentleman. The sport in which he is indulging is perfectly legal, he has not the added delight of stolen waters, which are proverbially sweet. Whereas, if a modern squire with the gout should get up a similar entertainment (and there is still, under the rose, a good deal of cockfighting), he would have the excitement, not merely of seeing these gallant bipeds mangle each other with beak, claws, and artificial spurs, but of seeing that at any moment the police might burst in upon himself and his associates.

#### "DOLLY VARDEN"

Of all Dickens's heroines, the fair daughter of the Clerkenwell locksmith has perhaps been the chief favourite with artists. This is partly due to the fact that Dolly is a bright, breezy, cheery creature, and partly because she flourished at a time when—at all events in the estimation of present-day critics—dress was very picturesque. It indicates the far-reaching triumphs of genius that this young lady, who never existed in the flesh, should, nearly a century later, have become one of the leaders of fashion, lending her name, too, to a garment which became quite the rage among the fair sex. Some day Kate Nickleby, who is equally loveable, may also lead the fashion, but at present she is weighed down by a bonnet and gown which to us seem hideous. The incident represented in Mr. Hanley's picture is in Chapter XIII., where poor Joe Willet comes up from Chigwell on purpose to tell Dolly how he loves her, and then sees her only for a minute, and finds out that she is not only going to a party, but is glad to go. "Never," says the author, "had Dolly looked so handsome as she did then, in all the glow and grace of youth, with her charms increased a hundred-fold by a most becoming dress, and by all the sparkling expectation of that accursed party."

#### THIRLBY HALL

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 473.

#### DISTRIBUTING THE REMAINS OF THE GUILDHALL BANQUET

THOSE persons who have had the privilege to be present at the Corporation Banquet of the Ninth of November will recollect with what hospitable profusion the tables are always served, and what large quantities of substantial viands and delicacies are left unconsumed when the entertainment is finished. These remains, which may metaphorically be styled "the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table," are each year given to a number of poor people on the day after the banquet; and, as the distribution takes place in the Guildhall itself, the scene is one of singular interest. The distribution is wholly conducted by the gentlemen of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee.

NOTE.—With reference to our illustration of the 3rd inst., "The First Railway in the Malay Peninsula," a correspondent informs us that the railway just inaugurated by Sir F. A. Weld is not the first by several years, as in 1875 a line of some ten miles, constructed by the Maharajah of Johore, was opened with all ceremony by Lady Clarke. Nor is it quite correct to state that the Malay Provinces of Selangor and Sunsei Ujong have been under the protection of Great Britain "since the Perak War in 1875-76." These two States on the south, with that of Larut on the north of the Perak River, were placed under British protection in 1874. The "Perak War" was the result of an extremely localised disturbance, which in no way affected the internal peace and progress of the three provinces in question.



SCOTTISH AUDIENCES have continued to be specially favoured by political orators of both parties. Sir Charles Dilke, in a second speech at Paisley, defended the course pursued by the Government (when he was Foreign Under Secretary) in not accepting the French terms for a new Commercial Treaty, and laid stress on the benefits derived by our trade from the Franco-Belgian Treaty, in which this country participated under its agreement with France for the most-favoured-nation treatment.—In an able address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Association, Mr. Goschen dealt with the subject of "Laissez-faire and Government Interference." While admitting that the increased intervention of the State in the sphere of social economy was an inevitable result of the growing complexity of civilisation, he spoke strongly of its dangers in augmenting the national expenditure, and in diminishing individual self-reliance. Mr. Goschen's suggestion for lessening the centralisation thus fostered is that the functions forced upon the over-burdened State should be as much as possible transferred to local authorities.—The Conservative campaign in Scotland has been continued by speeches from the Duke of Richmond and Sir Richard Cross at Aberdeen. Sir Richard Cross's first speech threw some light on the probable attitude of the Conservative party towards the coming new Reform Bill of the Government. He admitted the existence of anomalies in our electoral system which ought to be removed. But he protested against the "flesh and blood" theory, as leading to manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts. In regard to what is no longer called the equalisation but the assimilation—a distinction with a difference—of the borough and county franchises, he opposed it as depriving property—simply as such—of all voting power in counties. In a subsequent speech at Aberdeen Sir Richard confessed that under his first Artisans' Dwellings Act a great deal too much compensation had been paid to the owners of miserable tenements in London, who squeezed exorbitant rents out of their tenants, and whom he pronounced to be worth very little consideration.—At Edinburgh Mr. Edward Stanhope has criticised the policy of the Government in an address to the sympathetic Conservative Association of that city.—Since his return to Devonshire, and speech at an agricultural meeting near Tiverton, Sir Stafford Northcote has received two gratifying compliments. A letter had been addressed to Lord Randolph Churchill, expressing the doubt felt by some Conservative students in Edinburgh whether Sir Stafford Northcote sufficiently represented the Conservative party to deserve their support of his candidature for the Lord Rectorship of their University. The leader of the Fourth Party replied that Sir Stafford Northcote represented the party as adequately as it was possible for any human being to do. The result of the election was the victory of Sir Stafford Northcote. This was probably aided by the candidature of Professor Blackie, some of whose supporters would otherwise have doubtless voted for Mr. Trevelyan.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS have again been favourable to the Conservatives, whose losses were chiefly in the smaller towns, while they gained in such important towns as Manchester and Leeds. So

far as a single bye-election can be deemed significant, a test of the stationary or altered relations of political parties will be afforded by the coming election for the City of York, in the representation of which a vacancy has been made by the death of one of its two Liberal members, Mr. Leeman. One of the most conspicuous defeats inflicted on the Conservatives at the General Election of 1880 was when Mr. James Lowther's seat for York, which he had held for fifteen years, was wrested from him by a Liberal. A Conservative candidate for the seat is in the field, and a contest is expected.

LORD DERBY AND MR. BRIGHT have together visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. One of the results of their conference, according to report, is that Mr. Gladstone has adopted the programme of legislation recommended by Mr. Bright at Leeds. If this report be well founded, the Government will introduce next Session a Bill for the assimilation of the county and borough franchises without a Redistribution Bill. But the London Liberals will be conciliated by the introduction, with or without an expectation that it will be passed, of the Home Secretary's measure for the creation of a new Metropolitan Municipality. In connection with the extension of the suffrage and Mr. Bright, Mr. Leonard Courtney, in a speech at Plymouth, has re-affirmed his adhesion to the principle of the minority representation, whatever the ex-Chancellor of the Duchy might say against it. The Financial Secretary to the Treasury's strong feeling on this subject is shared by the Postmaster-General.

LORD DERBY received the Transvaal delegates at the Colonial Office on Wednesday. Among the claims preferred by the delegates is said to be the significant one that "The South African Republic" should again become the style and designation of what is now officially called "The Transvaal State."

NO PROGRESS HAS BEEN REPORTED in the discovery of a clue which might lead to the detection of the miscreants concerned in the underground explosions. The Government and the Railway Company in combination have offered a reward of 1,000/- for the detection of its perpetrators. The Government has also offered the usual free pardon to any persons, not actually perpetrators of the crime, whose information may lead to the conviction of the offenders.

GUY FAWKES DAY had even more than usually a quiet celebration in London, but in the suburbs and in the provinces there were a good many symbolic displays of the traditional excitement. At Tipton, near Chesterfield, a young collier was killed by the explosion of a toy cannon which he was loading to fire in honour of the day.

A FRIGHTFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION occurred between eight and nine on Wednesday morning at Moorfield Colliery, between Accrington and Clayton-le-Moors. More than sixty lives were lost. The mine was worked with safety lamps, and explosions of the kind are rarely known in North-East Lancashire.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES have of late been lamentably numerous. Among the most serious of these was that at Haggerston, adjoining Kingsland, where a fire broke out early on Saturday morning in the saw mills of a firm of fire-wood manufacturers. In spite of the utmost exertions of the Fire Brigade it spread to the adjoining houses, and was not quite extinguished on Wednesday afternoon. The saw mills and immense quantities of timber belonging to them were destroyed, and a number of families, occupying twenty-five houses, have been burned out of their homes. A fund is being raised for them, subscriptions to which will be gladly received by Mr. Charles Wm. Morley, 96, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, E.—In Kingsland itself a fire broke out very early on Tuesday morning in a confectioner's shop, which, with twenty-five houses adjoining it, were destroyed.

THE OPENING of the hunting season has been accompanied by the publication of some comparative statistics, which tend to show that the chase is in the main as favourite a pursuit as ever. In Ireland alone has there been a sensible diminution in the number of packs of hounds—and this can be easily if painfully accounted for—when compared with the figures of seven years ago. Galway is imitating Waterford in a determination to obstruct hunting, and a meeting of Galway farmers, held on Monday, passed a resolution pledging those present not to allow hunters, horses, and hounds to traverse their land.

THE INVASION OF ULSTER by the National League and its results continue to threaten the peace of Ireland. The Government have ordered a magisterial inquiry into the causes and circumstances of the collisions between Nationalists and Orangemen in Derry, and it is proposed that "demonstrations" on both sides should be prohibited by authority.—A minor riot in Derry arose out of a demand by the girls of a fan factory for the dismissal of the doctor of the establishment on the ground that he had proposed to the Corporation to refuse the use of the Town Hall to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who on his return to the Irish capital had a public reception, and a torchlight procession to escort him to the Mansion House.—The official return of crime and outrage in Ireland for October records one murder, nine incendiary fires, nine cases of maiming cattle, and nineteen threatening letters.—Towards the close of last week a harbour-constable of Derry was asked by a respectable-looking stranger to deliver a parcel for him to another *employé* of the harbour authorities. He consented, but perceiving a movement in the parcel, he left the yard in which it was, and it exploded.—On Monday Mr. Sexton delivered a lecture on "Castle Rule in Ireland" at Glasgow, in the City Hall, by permission of the Corporation, in spite of a protest from the Orangemen. He denounced the Orangemen of Derry. A collision between his supporters and the Orangemen in Glasgow had been feared, but was prevented by the presence of a formidable body of police.

TO THE WEEK'S OBITUARY belong the deaths of the Dowager-Duchess of Cleveland, fourth daughter of the first Earl of Lonsdale, in her 92nd year; of Lady Constance Mary Phipps, third daughter of the Marquis of Normanby, at the age of 31; of Lord Gardner, aged 73, once a well-known Leicestershire Nimrod; of Mr. Leeman, M.P. for York, in his 42nd year; of Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, in his 74th year, who had been among the early leaders of the Free Church of Scotland movement, and many years Principal Clerk of its General Assembly; and of the Rev. Paul Johnson, one of the oldest clergymen of the Church of England, at the advanced age of 94.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE will open next Tuesday the new buildings of the well-known Ham Yard Soup Kitchen and Refuge, Great Windmill Street, W. After doing much good for many years, this charity was obliged to rebuild its premises, which had become sadly dilapidated, and with the reopening of the building somewhat different arrangements have been made. Thus, now some thirty persons can be housed in the Refuge, but all applicants must be suitably recommended, and can be only kept a fortnight, while, as before, they will be advised and assisted in finding work. In the Soup Kitchen, also, relief will be given through recommendations from subscribers, except in cases of urgent need, so as to avoid unsuitable persons obtaining tickets, and thus excluding the deserving poor. In other respects this institution will continue its valuable work on the old grounds, and accordingly contributions are greatly needed, as well as to discharge the debt of 300/- on the new building, and towards the Christmas dinners. Donations will be received by the Treasurer, W. Ash, Esq., Tower House, 119, Camden Road, N.W.; or the Superintendent, Mr. W. Stevens, at the Soup Kitchen.



MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR is in very bad health, and has been obliged to come to Paris for medical treatment.

A WOULD-BE REGICIDE has just died at the Italian galley-Passanante, who attempted the life of King Humbert of Italy in 1878.

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE has been published at Darmstadt, containing numerous letters from the Princess to Queen Victoria.

SMOKING is certainly not going out of favour in France, considering that the State made nearly 7,300,000/- by the sale of tobacco during the past six months of the present year.

LITERARY BRACELETS are adopted by studious Transatlantic belles. The bangle consists of twelve tiny gold books linked together, with the name of some favourite author enamelled on the back of each book.

ANOTHER GREEK PLAY is to be performed at Cambridge, as the recent experiment of playing Sophocles' *Ajax* proved so successful. Aristophanes' *Birds* has been chosen, and will be produced on Nov. 27, 28, 29, 30, and Dec. 1.

THE DERISIVE SUGGESTION "Tell that to the horse marines" will shortly lose its force, as the French intend to organise a regiment of mounted marines in Tonkin. The authorities find it cheaper to thus utilise the marines and seasoned horses of the country instead of sending out regular cavalry.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE requests us to offer his thanks to his numerous friends and to public bodies for their congratulations on his entering into his hundredth year. "I rejoice," he says, "in the reflection that any feeble efforts I may have made to advance the happiness and welfare of my fellow-creatures have been so kindly judged."

THE SITE OF THE ROMAN VESTALS' DWELLING has just been found during the excavations between the Forum and the Palatine Hill, and the discovery is considered of great importance as bearing on the ancient topography of Rome. An atrium has been unearthed, surrounded by apartments, a tablinum with a fine mosaic marble floor, and three large pedestals with inscriptions in praise of the chief Vestals.

A VERY ANCIENT CANOE has been unearthed near Pulborough, Sussex, according to *Nature*. It was evidently made before the knowledge of metal, as there is not a sign of building or planking, but the boat was apparently hollowed out by the stone axe or fire from a single massive oak trunk. It was buried nine feet deep under a variety of strata, and while the prow lay partly beneath the River Arun and is rather dilapidated, the stern was embedded under the river bank, and is comparatively intact.

THE DANGERS OF WOODEN AND ASPHALTE PAVEMENTS FOR HORSES are greatly felt in Berlin, where a monster petition, signed by cab proprietors and drivers, has been presented to the City Council, asking that no more streets may be laid with these materials, and that gravel may be daily thrown on those thoroughfares where wood and asphalt are now used. The petitions allege that the accidents caused by horses slipping on these materials are from fifty to seventy-five times more numerous than on the old stone pavements.

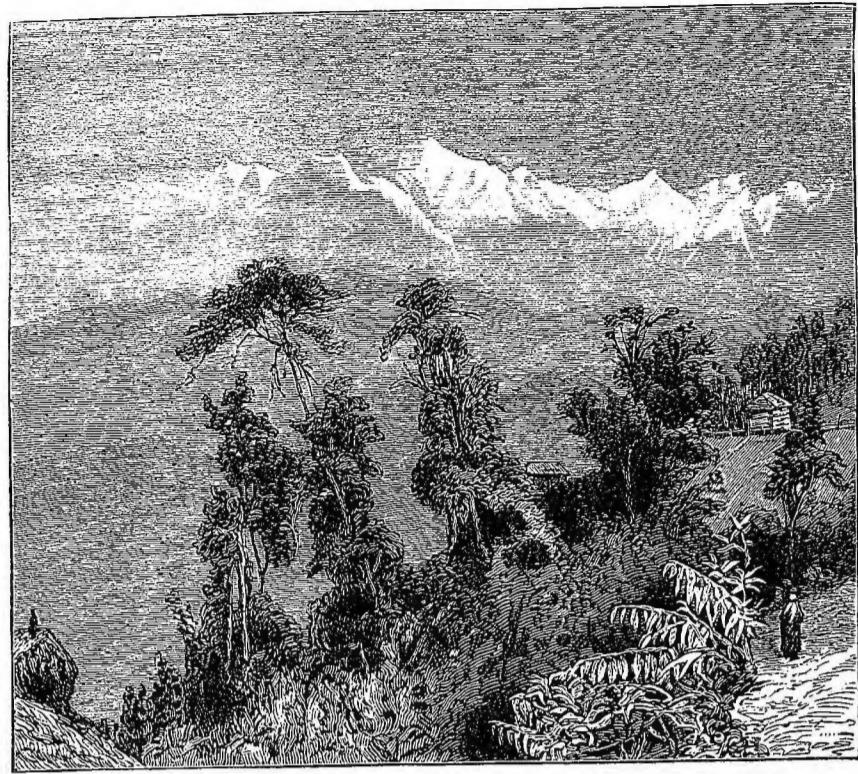
SABBATH OBSERVANCE is still enforced with Puritanical strictness in some parts of New England. Thus only a month ago, at a Connecticut village, twenty people were arrested in one afternoon for Sabbath-breaking by the terrible offence of picking up nuts which had fallen on the roadside from a thick grove of trees. The offenders were merely respectable passers-by who had gathered up a nut or two, but they were kept for several hours imprisoned in an open yard, and were then tried before a special Court, fined 1/- apiece, and bound over to appear for formal trial. The authority for their arrest was based on a law of 1702.

THE VACCINATION OF ANIMALS, according to the plan suggested by the eminent French *savant*, M. Pasteur, in order to protect them against rinderpest and other diseases, has been tried in British Burmah with great success. Some calves, elephants, sheep, and a pig were inoculated with M. Pasteur's lymph, and, though they suffered in no way from the experiment, the calves in particular seem to have been so far proof from further infection that they escaped scot-free when placed several times amongst herds severely affected by rinderpest. No official opinion has yet been given on the merits of M. Pasteur's discovery, until further trial has been made, but one official intends to have all his Government mules vaccinated, and a trading company also intend to try the plan with their elephants.

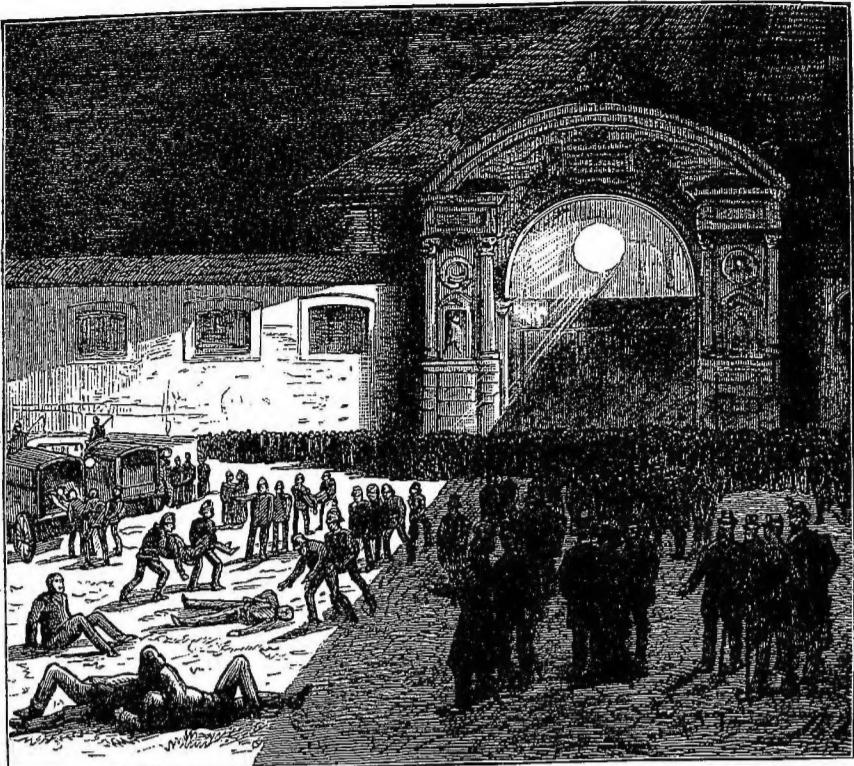
THE DAY OF THE DEAD in Paris was observed last week even more generally than usual, and the cemeteries were crowded from morning till night. Some 500,000 persons visited the various graves, Père La Chaise claiming the largest number of visitors, and many who had no relative or dear friend buried in Paris paid their respects, and hung their wreaths on the tombs of different celebrities. Some monuments were perfect beds of flowers, and even the poorest cross had its tiny medallion or head wreath, to be bought from the stalls on the way to the cemeteries. The floral wreaths grow bigger each year, and some of the most beautiful were made of natural dark purple heartsease tied by a pale blue ribbon embroidered with gold pansies, or of white chrysanthemums—emblems of despairing love—fastened with black velvet embroidery with doves.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly decreased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,440, against 1,450 during the previous seven days, being a fall of 10, and 204 below the average, while the death rate further declined to 19 per 1,000. There were 3 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 1), 23 from measles (an increase of 1), 61 from scarlet fever (a rise of 5), 13 from diphtheria (a decrease of 7), 14 from whooping-cough (a fall of 11), 24 from enteric fever (a decline of 5), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 1 from typhus, and 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 2). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 316 from 291, but were 86 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; of which 41 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,623 births registered against 2,724 during the preceding week, being 229 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 49 deg., and 1.7 deg. above the average.

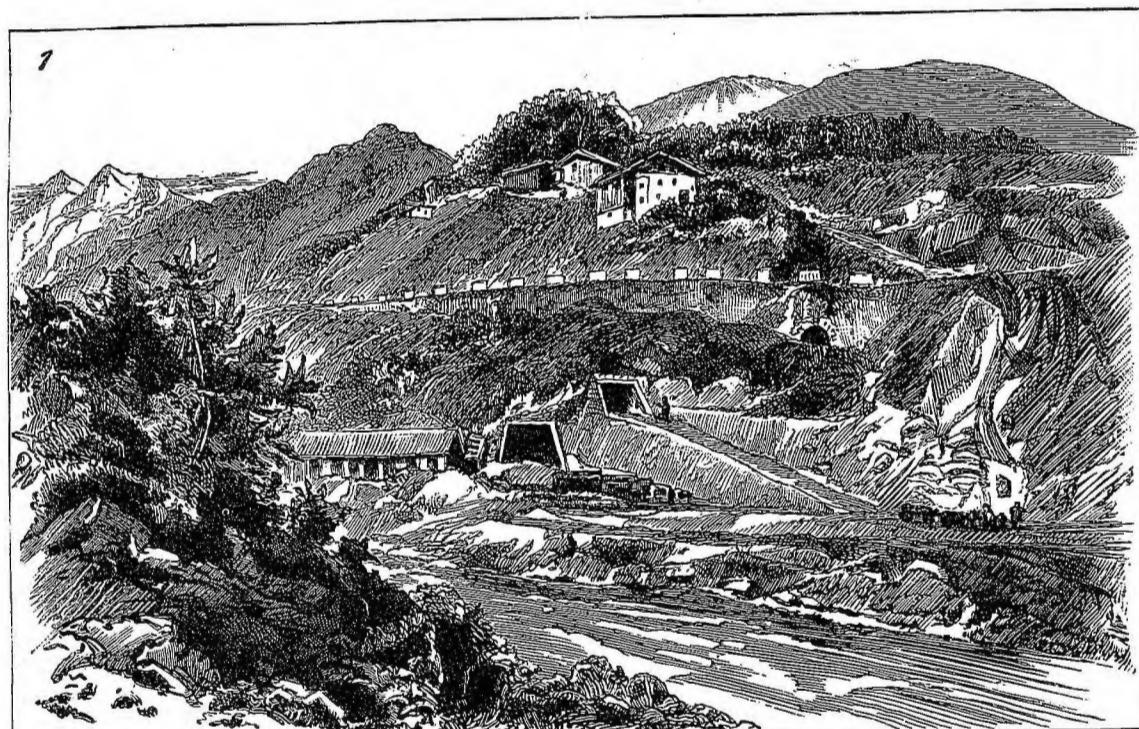
THE PLAN OF AN OXFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY, to gather together and publish literature of all kinds illustrating the history of the University and City of Oxford, has now assumed a distinct shape, and an interesting pamphlet has been published stating the views and features of the proposed Society. Originally the idea of the Society is due to the late historian, Mr. J. R. Green, and, considering the ample materials within reach, the breadth of the subject, and the fact that comparatively little has been brought out on Oxford History, there appears plenty of scope for the work of such an Association. It is proposed to publish materials of every sort for a picture of Oxford at every age. Thus unpublished historical matter will be printed; ancient and modern books reprinted; letters, small pieces, notices, &c., will be arranged as *Collectanea*; and original essays, treatises, &c., will be published. Funds, however, are of course needed, and, should sufficient be speedily forthcoming, the Society will be founded in January, mainly on Mr. Green's model.



KUNCHINJINGA, A PEAK OF THE HIMALAYAS, 28,156 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL,  
THE ASCENT OF WHICH HAS LATELY BEEN ATTEMPTED BY MR. GRAHAM



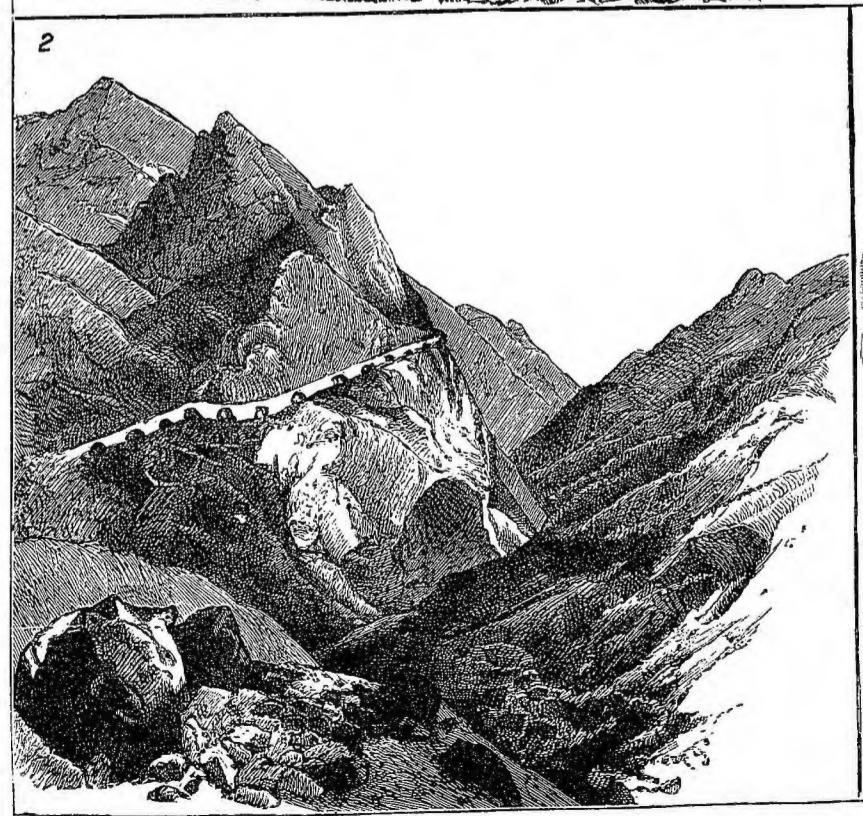
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD—AN AMBULANCE DRILL IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY AT VIENNA



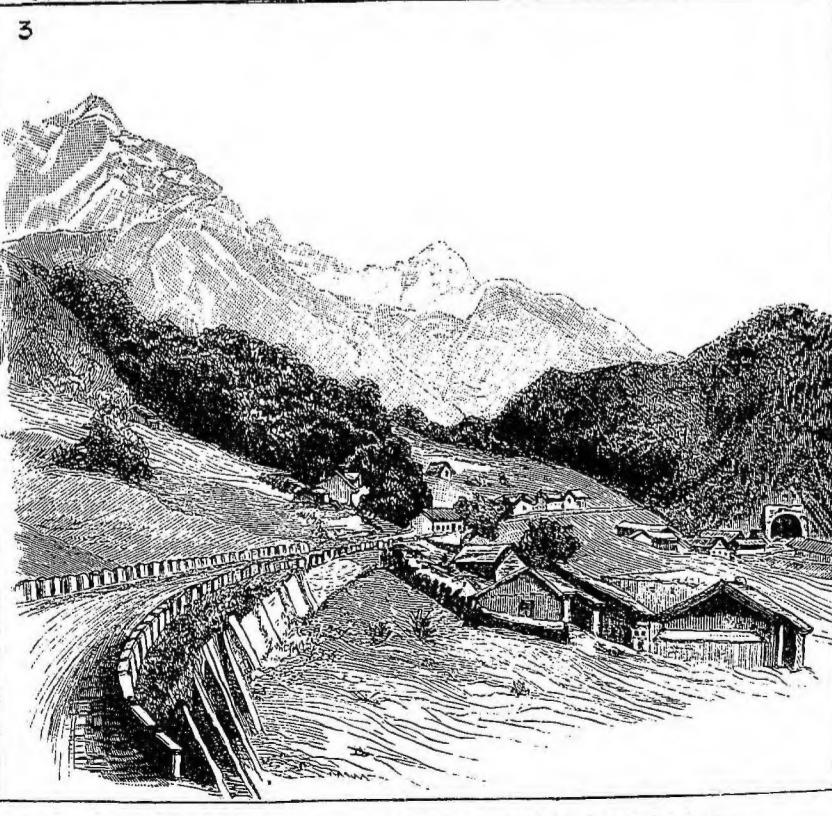
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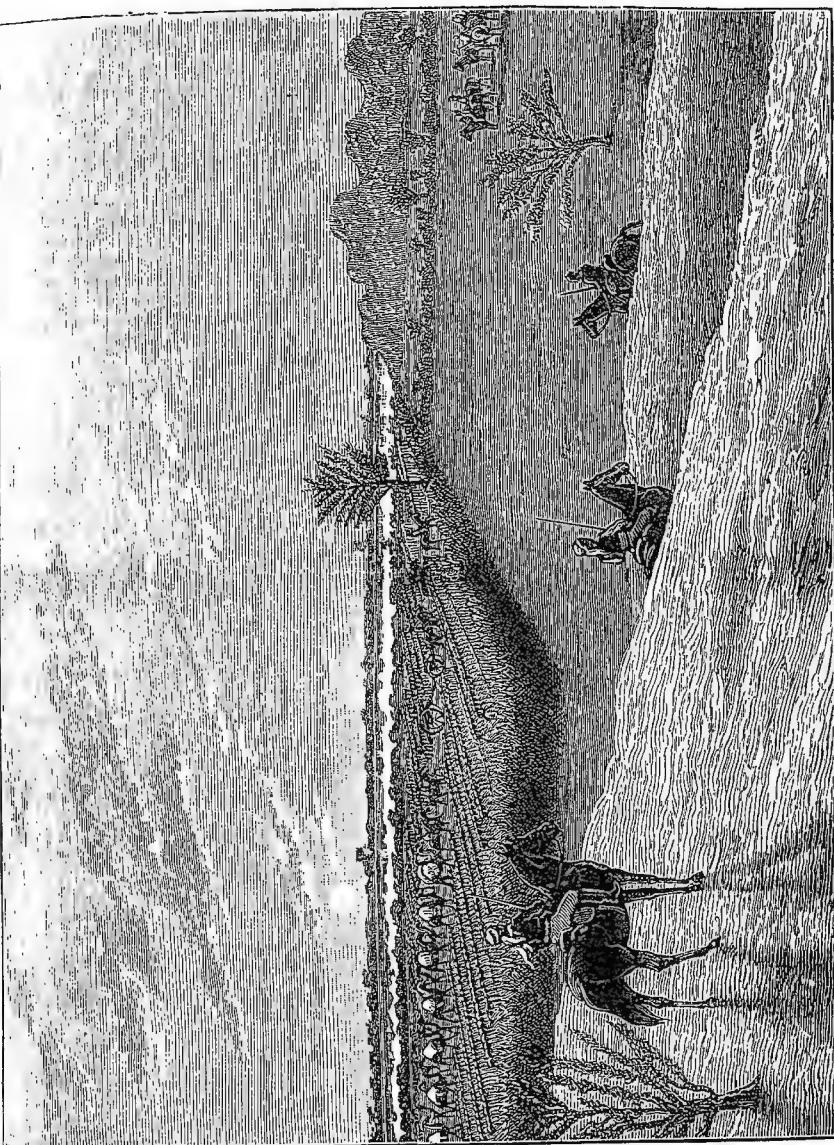
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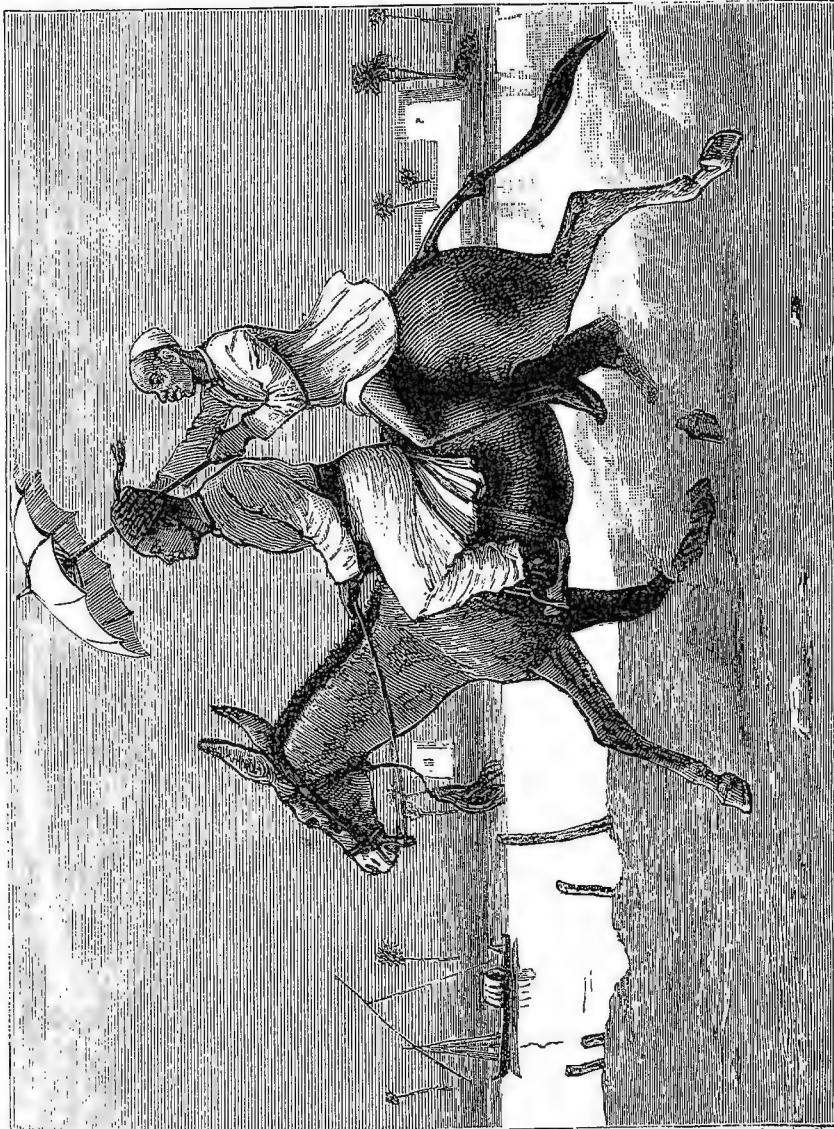
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1. Arlberg Road and Tunnel near St. Anton.—2. Arlberg Road near Stuben.—3. Arlberg Road and Tunnel near Langen.—4. An Italian Tunnel-Worker at the Arlberg.

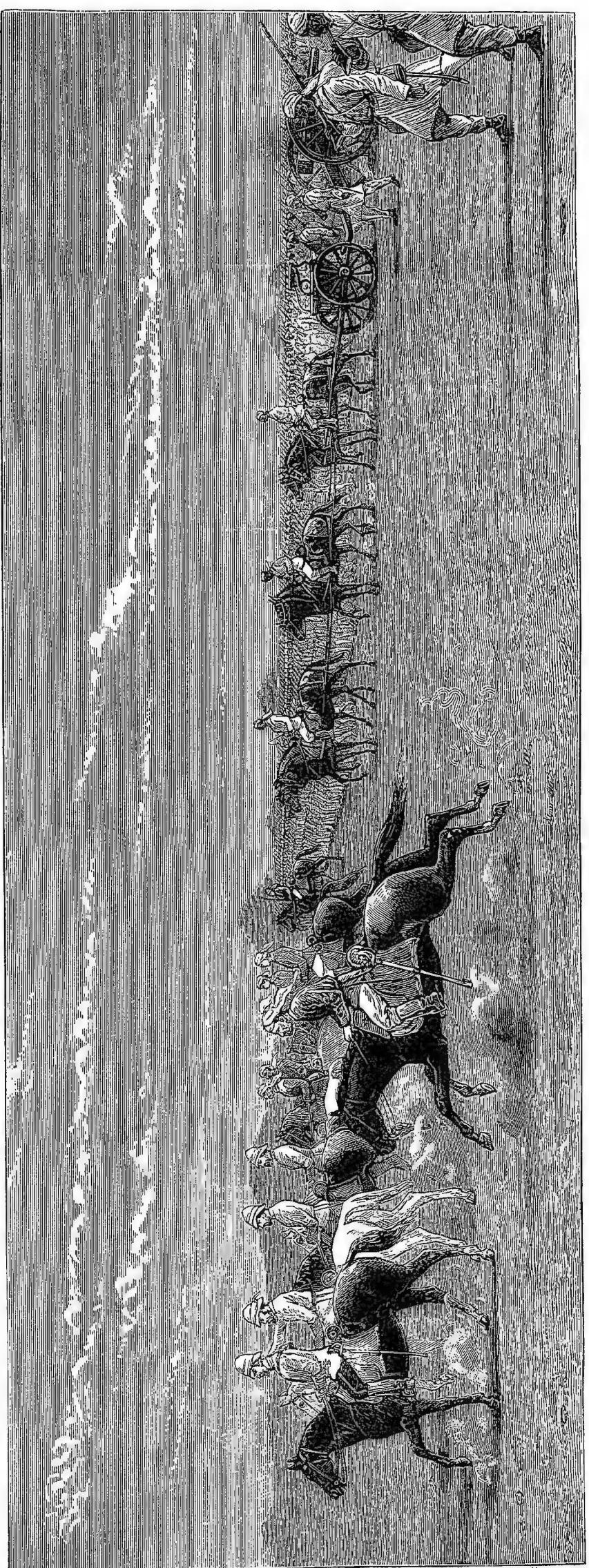
THE ARLBERG MOUNTAIN RAILWAY BETWEEN INNSBRÜCK AND BLUDENZ, AUSTRIA



THE EXPEDITION INTO KORDOFAN—TROOPS ABOUT TO BREAK CAMP AT SUNRISE



MASTER AND SLAVE—A SKETCH ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE NILE, KHARTOUM



THE EXPEDITION INTO KORDOFAN—THE START OF THE ARMY FROM OMDURMAN, THE CAMP OPPOSITE KHARTOUM

THE REBELLION IN THE SUDAN  
FROM SKETCHES BY AN ARTIST WITH HICKS PASHA'S SUDAN FIELD FORCE



concerto, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the air from *St. Paul*, "O, God, have mercy," were quite enough to compensate for any deficiency, and to make a Mendelssohn Concert without the necessity of any adventitious aid. Happily, too, for such an occasion, these four pieces are among the most widely known and popular of the master's works, and those, moreover, which, at the Crystal Palace and under the direction of Mr. Mains, we are accustomed to hear most carefully and effectively executed. Such was the case on Saturday, when the symphony and concerto (with Mr. Carrodus, who stands among its foremost existing interpreters, at the violin) were given to absolute perfection. Nor can there be anything adduced in disfavour of the *Walpurgis Night* with a Druid Priest like Mr. Santley, who possesses, as we all know, the requisite voice and intellectual perception indispensable to his task, and such an orchestra to support him. The chorus, too, did their very best. Mr. Santley also distinguished himself (not for the first time) in the impressive air from *St. Paul*, in his delivery of which he has probably never, if indeed ever, been surpassed. The interpolated pieces were Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," sung by Miss Hilda Wilson, Balf's serenade, "Good Night," allotted to Mr. Charles Wilshire; and Molique's animated and extremely difficult "Fan-dango."

**RICHTER CONCERTS.**—The Symphony last Saturday was Beethoven's colossal "C minor," which Herr Richter seems as much pleased to conduct as his supporters to hear. The works selected from Wagner were his *Tannhäuser* Overture, the introduction and closing scene from *Tristan*, and the "Preislied" from *Die Meistersinger*, the decided favourite among which with the greater number of listeners was the last-named; and this owes quite as much to Mr. Lloyd's admirable singing as to its own merits. The other piece in the programme, Part I., was Liszt's Second Hungarian "Khaspodie," which is becoming almost too familiar even for his enthusiastic admirers. The third and last concert of the series is announced for this evening.

**WAIFS.**—A comedy by the Empress Catherine II. is to be produced at the approaching centenary of the Grand Theatre, St. Petersburg.—The performance of *Die Walküre* at the Royal Italian Opera, Berlin, is postponed till next March.—A recent concert given by the famous violinist, August Wilhelmj, was attended by the King of Saxony.—Wagner's Biblical Scene, *Das Libesmahl der Apostel*, for chorus and orchestra, which excited such hilarity at a Birmingham Festival some years past, was performed at a recent concert by the Heidelberg "Lieder-Kranz."—The expenditure entailed by the erection of the new theatre at Brünn is estimated at upwards of 690,000 florins.—Pauline Lucca reappeared at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, as the heroine of Bizet's *Carmen*, with her accustomed success.—Schumann's *Paradies und Peri* has made its way to Auckland, where it was recently given with much applause. Haydn's *Creation* is the work next to follow, so that music seems making sensible way in New Zealand.—Johann Strauss has been suffering through poison from nicotine, but is now convalescent. We cannot afford to lose so merry a composer yet.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced at Barcelona with unquestioned success. Better late than never.—Madame Pauline Lucca's engagements for the winter begin with Moscow and Berlin, whence she returns to Vienna. During May and June she is attached to the Royal Italian Opera in London. Whether she will revisit the Prussian capital during the winter following is uncertain, she having received an offer from America for six months on the consideration (it is reported) of 20,000/—The commemoration of the death-day of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was duly honoured at Leipsic with a concert devoted to his works. Among noticeable features in the programme was the *Walpurgisnacht* placed upon the stage. The smallest characters in the choruses were sustained by leading artists.—A second subscription concert under Joseph Joachim's direction at Berlin included a novelty in the shape of Johann Brahms' *Gesang der Parzen*, for chorus and orchestra, Op. 80, the text borrowed from the end of the fourth Act of Goethe's *Iphigenia*. Though played to perfection the new work was found somewhat too gloomy and oppressive to allow of a chance of its at any time becoming a general public favourite.—The lately deceased Russian novelist, Ivan Tourgueniev, who died at the house of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, has bequeathed the whole of his property to that distinguished lady. His will, short and to the purpose, is thus expressed: "I make Madame Pauline Viardot my universal legatee.—IVAN TOURGINOF."—The author of the new ballet, "Die Assassinen," about to be produced at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, turns out to be no less a personage than the Archduke Johann.



## II.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for November is weighty with statistics. Lord Brabazon and the Rev. S. Barnett deal cleverly with the burning question of "Great Cities and Social Reforms"—though much too Utopian in their tacit assumption that official bodies will some day be schools of Christian Communists. To most of us the dream of making men happy by Town Councils will seem on a level with the older "fad" of making them moral by Acts of Parliament. Perhaps the best thing in this double-shot paper is the very complete table of Urban Parks and Recreation Grounds acquired by gift or purchase up to 1883.—Captain Norman reviews "The French Army of To-day" from the point of view of the professional soldier. Its numbers and equipment leave little to be desired. But of the three millions of paper soldiers little more than a fourth are trained men, while the only "invaluable nucleus" in the Territorial Reserve are the scattered veterans of the old Imperialist Army. But was not much the same thing said in '92 of the old Royal regiments and the revolutionary levies, who only needed a General of genius—a Moreau even, much less a Napoleon—to amaze all Europe with their victories?—Under the title of our "Blue-blooded Boys," Mr. Jardine Smith criticises with gentle irony some recent queries by General Fielding. Australians do not reverence "blue blood," and the best thing for "a new chum" of "birth and culture" is to plunge bravely into the struggle for existence with the rest. "Special settlements" for the gently born will only provoke ridicule or ill-feeling.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Godkin draws a roseate picture of "The Southern States Since the War," from the Census Returns for '70 and '80. In material prosperity, during the last years of the decade, the South has almost kept pace with the North; it is doubtful now if a popular vote would restore slavery, even if it had the power. There are, of course, drawbacks. Education still lags behind; and homicides, not in drunken brawls alone but in organised vendettas, flourish on a scale unparalleled even in old days in Corsica. An estimate, indeed, which none have ventured to impugn, sets the total, since the war, at 40,000. But even this great barrier to immigration—the disastrous outcome of a false code of honour and of the habit of carrying secret weapons—seems gradually giving way before the growth of a more enlightened public opinion.—Mr. Shaw writes sketchily of "The Future Prospects of Madagascar;" and Sir E. J. Reed, in much more vigorous style, of "the crank, unstable" vessels, and poorly-instructed shipmasters and junior officers, too common nowadays in our "Mercantile Marine."

Of Mr. Healy's bold bid for Conservative support, "Ireland and the Tory Party," in the *Fortnightly*, more than enough has been already said. Next Parliament, he tells us, will contain a solid phalanx of seventy to eighty Parnellites voting "like one" on every Irish question. Why should not the modern Tory, who cares little or nothing for Protestant ascendancy, and is much too wise to confound Home Rule with Rome Rule, coalesce with them "to dish" the Liberals?—Señor Figuerola writes a little over-sanguinely of "The Political Condition of Spain" after five revolutions and as many periods of reaction since 1812. One old institution only—the Monarchy—survives, and this is now upon its trial for the last time. The army is an unfathomed source of danger, but trade and finance are flourishing exceedingly, and there is more vitality in the Spain of to-day than in that which lived (or starved) a century ago on the *exploitation* of Mexico and Peru.—In a pernicious review of "Bazaine's Vindication" Mr. Forbes takes the side of the old Marshal. Bazaine was made the scapegoat for the sins of the whole army. On the chances of an attack upon the German lines Mr. Forbes can speak as one having authority, and his verdict is that *any sorte* must have failed either at the time or "in the open" after breaking through.

A quaintly thoughtful memoir of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, one of the last survivors of the simple, kindly, strict New England Puritans, penned by his relative, R. W. Emerson, for the Social Circle Club at Concord, and some more of Mr. H. James's dainty rovings "En Provence" from Narbonne to the Roman remains at Nîmes are, next to Mr. Crawford's fascinating serial, the chief attraction in the *Atlantic Monthly*.—In the *Century* the leader of the capturing party tells with evident sympathy how Jeff. Davis was made prisoner mainly through his reluctance to desert his wife; M. Daudet recounts how he came to know Tourgueniev by meeting him at one of Flaubert's Sunday dinners; Mr. Osborne offers stormy contrast to Mr. Burroughs' pictures of "Nature in England" in his "Glimpses of Paris," and of the unhomely rookeries where the *ouvrier* lives or dies within a gunshot of the spacious Boulevards; and Mr. Warner adds novelty even to his "Bull Fights" by describing for us one of those rarer *funcions* in which the actors are all well-born amateurs.—From *Manhattan* we can only select a discriminative criticism of "Wordsworth and His Art," adorned with some exquisitely delicate engravings of the poet's haunts.

"Letters from Galilee, III." with their striking picture of the pilgrim village of Meiron—the Meroz probably of Scripture—where lie the bones of all the famous Rabbis of the first three centuries, from Eleazar to the younger Hillel, and where pilgrims from the farthest East cast their jewels and mystic books into the fire at the "Feast of Burning," as Florence did after the preaching of Savonarola, would of themselves make a good *Blackwood*, well worth buying; *Belgravia* gives a posthumous article, by Dutton Cook, on Robert Wilks, the popular *jeune premier* of the first two decades of the eighteenth century; *Macmillan* a first instalment of Tourgueniev's "Senilia"; the *Gentleman's* a paper, by Karl Blind, on "Luther in Politics," notably in connection with his change of sides in the Peasants' War; the *Army and Navy* an interesting account of "What I Saw at the French Manoeuvres," by Lieut. Chawner; and an able article, by Colonel Malleson, on "Nordlingen," the famous victory which, thanks to Wallenstein's firmness and Horn's irresolution, turned the issue of the Thirty Years' War against the Swedes; the *Month* a first notice of "A Modern Swiss Artist," a born painter and devout Catholic, Melchior Paul Deschwanen.

In the *Portfolio* are two exquisite etchings, "The Interior of Westminster Abbey," by Toussaint, and "Marlow, from the River Meadows," with storm-clouds rolling away into the distance, by the well-known line engraver, E. V. Brandard.—"Parisian Architecture," by the Editor, well describes "the new form of Renaissance" now in vogue for public edifices and private houses. The spirit of Mediævalism is no longer understood; even the *pignon sur rue* is only now an occasional eccentricity.

In the *Art Journal* "A Girl's Head in Red Chalk," by Philip Calderon, and a weirdly fascinating etching of Dore's "Night Scene in East London" to accompany Miss A. Betham-Edwards's "Personal Recollections" of the artist aptly illustrate the opposite extremes of light and gloom.—Mr. Wallis condemns "Recent Acquisitions to the National Gallery" from the Dutch as unrepresentative, and Mr. Villiers adds some curious statistics of the market value of "Velazquez and Murillo."

We have also to acknowledge *Art and Letters*, the *Science Monthly*, *Merry England*, *Colburn*, the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs*, with tempting illustrations of personal and domestic ornaments, modern and mediæval, *L'Art Japonais*, and the omniscient *Le Livre* with a curious paper on the claims of Holland to the discovery of the art of printing.

## THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION

"DOUAIM, KORDOFAN, Sept. 25, 1883

"At length we are on the road, having reached here after twelve days of fatiguing march beneath a scorching sun, the thermometer marking in the shade from 112 deg. to 115 deg. Notwithstanding our recent campaign in Sennaar, which concluded with the successful engagement of Marabrea, we are all very much burnt, most of us having peeled completely—that is, faces and hands—and we are now rapidly approaching the same tint as the natives of Arab descent—a dark bronze.

"The distance from Omdurman, the Camp opposite Khartoum, to Douaim is 130 miles, and this we got over in twelve days, remaining, however, one day in camp to recover from the effects of a fearful tropical storm, which brought down most of the tents, and left us in a terribly drenched condition. I am glad to state that the entire expeditionary force is in admirable spirits—officers and men have every confidence in General Hicks, or, as he is known here, Hicks Pasha—and the energy displayed by their English commander, admirably seconded by his Chief of Staff, Colonel Farquhar—Farquhar Bey—has made all branches of the army feel that they are in good hands. Indeed, we are pretty certain of being able to give a good account of the Mahdi. It is not the Mahomedan impostor or his fanatical followers we fear, it is the scarcity of water. Already has this scarcity made itself felt at the first station on the already settled route. I allude to Shah, some fifteen miles distant from here. Yesterday General Hicks despatched a brigade in advance to this place, and the report that has come in is to the effect that there is barely sufficient water for the small force that has preceded us. This alters all the General's plans. We shall now have to take another route, which increases the distance 100 miles; that is, instead of 120 miles to Obeid, we shall have to do 220. The camels will be reduced from 5,000 to 3,000, 2,000 being left at Douaim, and these will be utilised in bringing up provisions should we be able to keep our communications open. All this will greatly depend on the attitude of the Arab tribes through whose territory we have to pass—we may have to fight them every day, and as we advance they may close up our rear. The news of Mahomet Achmet, the so-called Mahdi, is that he is waiting for us at Obeid with 20,000 men, and that he has faith that the tribes will rise against us on our route.

"The disaffected portion of Kordofan, which we have just marched through, is well nigh deserted, the greater number of the villages which are still peopled are inhabited, in most instances, solely by women, children, slaves, and elders, very few young men being found, these having gone off to join the Mahdi. Those remaining were profuse in their expressions of loyalty to the Government,

trusting in this way to save their cattle and crops; but the "little game" was seen through, and the growing durra was confiscated as forage for our horses and camels, and the cattle driven off by the Bashi-Bazouks to serve as meat rations to the army.

"Well, we shall soon know what to expect from the Arab tribes on our route, and what trials we shall have to endure from the scarcity of water, as to-morrow we turn our backs on the broad White Nile and strike for the interior.

## "THE ARMY LEAVING OMDURMAN

"On the 9th September, everything being in readiness, General Hicks broke up the camp on the west bank of the Nile, opposite Khartoum, and started on his march into Kordofan. The column was made up as follows:—7,000 infantry, 120 cuirassiers, 300 Bashi-Bazouks irregular cavalry, 4 Krupp guns, 10 mountain howitzers, 1 battery Nordenfeldts, and 8 rocket tubes. At Douaim the strength will be increased by the addition of 800 or 1,000 Bashi-Bazouks, 200 of whom will probably be horsemen. The order of march was thus arranged:—Artillery in centre, with infantry in columns of companies on either flank, and between this force and the river, 5,000 camels bearing provisions and baggage, and spare ammunition. The cavalry scouted some two or three miles in advance, and on our extreme right flank, there being also advanced and rear guards, the river covering our left. Hicks Pasha, accompanied by his staff and escort of cuirassiers in undress—white veiled tarbooshes, red shirts, and loose cotton trousers—headed the column, and in the distant right rear are seen the pyramid-shaped mountains known as the Djebel Kerrari. The troops were moving by 6 A.M., and marched, with brief halts to rest, till 12, doing this first day ten miles under a broiling sun.

## "BREAKING CAMP AT SUNRISE

"As we are in the enemy's country, it is imperative to take every precaution for the protection of the camp from surprise and attack. So, as the *Acacia Arabica*, or thorny mimosa, is plentiful, a goodly quantity of prickly boughs are cut, and of these is formed an abatis which may be considered impassable; this is termed a Zereeba. When camping on the Nile, the Zereeba is made to form three sides of a square, the river forming the fourth—inland the square is completed. My sketch shows the troops under arms, and ready to march out as soon as the word is given to open. The tents have already been struck and packed on the camels, and the General and Staff have taken position in front. The broad flooded White Nile is seen in the distance, and the mountain on the right is Djebel Arab Musa. Some Bashi-Bazouk scouts are on the foreground hills. My sketch of master and slave, common objects in Kordofan, need no explanation.

"F. V."



**THE TURF.**—The Liverpool Autumn Meeting seems to be showing gradual signs of weakness, at least if we may judge from the average smallness of the fields this week. And certainly the racing was not of a very exciting character. Indeed, the "back-end" of the present season seems to lack spirit all round. The Knowsley Nursery was won by Quilt, the favourite, in a field of nine, but the opening day was against the backers, as indeed was the meeting all through, as is often the case at Liverpool. It may be noted with a view to future contingencies that in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase Zitella, admirably ridden by Mr. H. Beasley, beat Lord Chancellor, who carried only 5 lbs. more than Mr. Gubbins's mare.—Mr. Hanbury, who met with a very bad accident when riding Benedict at Lewes last week, still lies in a precarious condition, but not beyond hope.—A fairly good bit of Turf nomenclature has been done by Mr. Wolfe, who has called his son of Wild Oats and Afterthought "Peccavi."

**COURSES.**—Recent meetings have been somewhat tame. At Four Oaks Park the County Cup was won by Mr. Webb's Rosewater, and the Ladywood Stakes by Lord Anglesey's Amber; and at the Salisbury and Amesbury Open Meeting, Mr. Graves's Great Garies and Mr. Bingham's Samson divided the Salisbury Stakes "for all ages."

**HUNTING.**—The season has opened very propitiously, though the Royal Buckhounds had a miserable day as regards weather for their first meet, which took place "as per usual" at Salt Hill. In Leicestershire, Kirby Gate, according to tradition, was the first meet of the Quorn; the Duke of Rutland's met at Croxton Park; the Cottesmore at Greetham Inn; and Sir Bache Cunard's at Forton. They all had excellent sport. The opening meet of the Craven was at Benham Park, and of the Atherton at Bosworth Park. In all directions good reports are heard of abundance of foxes, and the cub-hunting season has been favourable to their being well hustled about.

**FOOTBALL.**—Nearly 4,000 spectators witnessed the Association Match between Notts and the South of England, at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham. The contest was a grand one, and several Notts cricketers distinguished themselves in it. Eventually the Midland County proved victorious.—In the Association Challenge Cup Romsford has beaten Woodford Wells; Rochester, Uxbridge; the Old Westminsters, Chatham; Brentwood, Hanover United; Darwen, Church; and Padham, Lower Darwen.—Among inter-county matches may be mentioned the victory of Lancashire over Northumberland in a Rugby game; and that of Staffordshire over Hallamshire in an Association game.—At the Oval, in an Association game, London has beaten Notts, but the County has beaten Blackburn Olympic.—At Oxford, in Rugby games, the University has got the better of Sandhurst College and South Wales; and of Surrey in an Association game.—At Cambridge the University has beaten the Swifts in an Association, and Blackheath in a Rugby game.—In Association games Sheffield has been beaten by Birmingham; and Notts County by Aston Villa.—At Eton the Boys have beaten a fair team of Old Etonians.

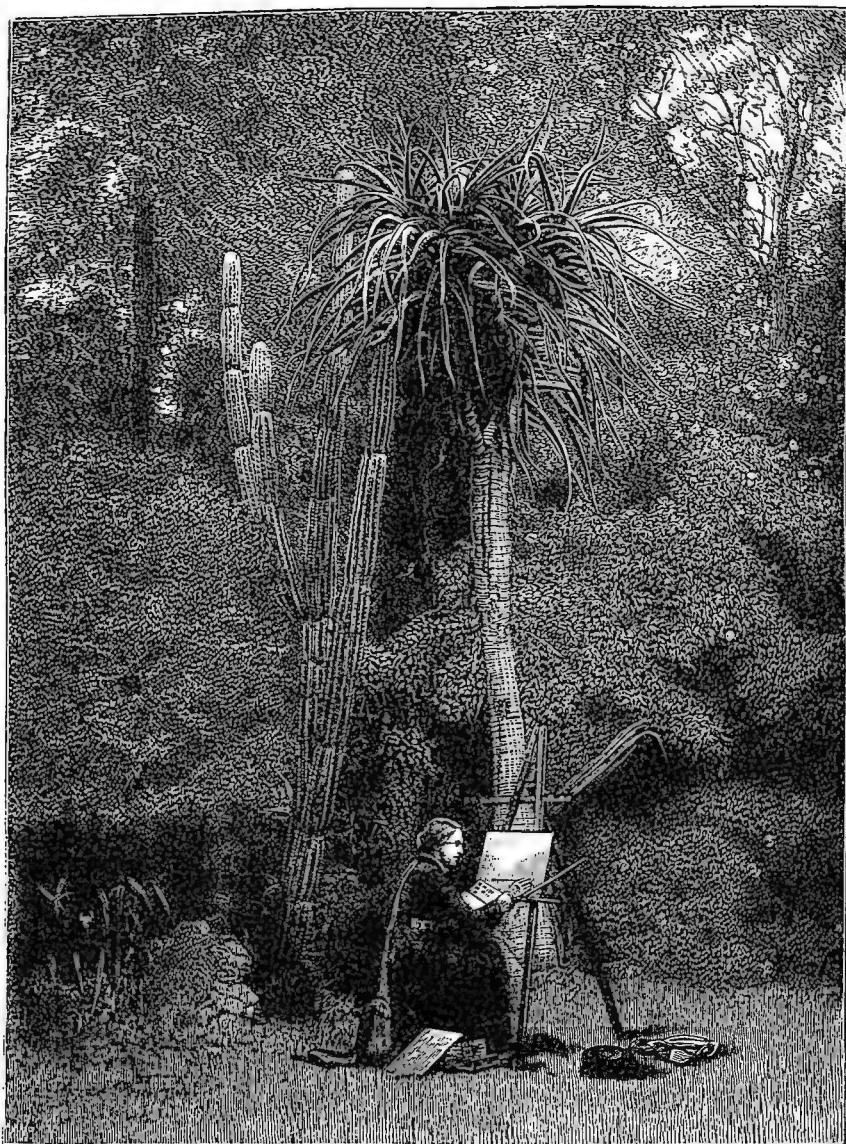
**CRICKET.**—At last it has been definitely decided that an Australian team will visit us next season. Many of the old hands with whom we are familiar will make their reappearance, but several new "wonders" are announced as likely to make their *début* on English soil. Among the latter, Cooper is mentioned, of whom several members of Mr. Bligh's late team say that he will be a "bad" bowler to play on our grounds.

**CYCLING.**—We hear from Paris that the cyclists have been forbidden to traverse certain streets and boulevards. In all cases bells are made compulsory, and the name and address of every rider must be inscribed on his iron horse.

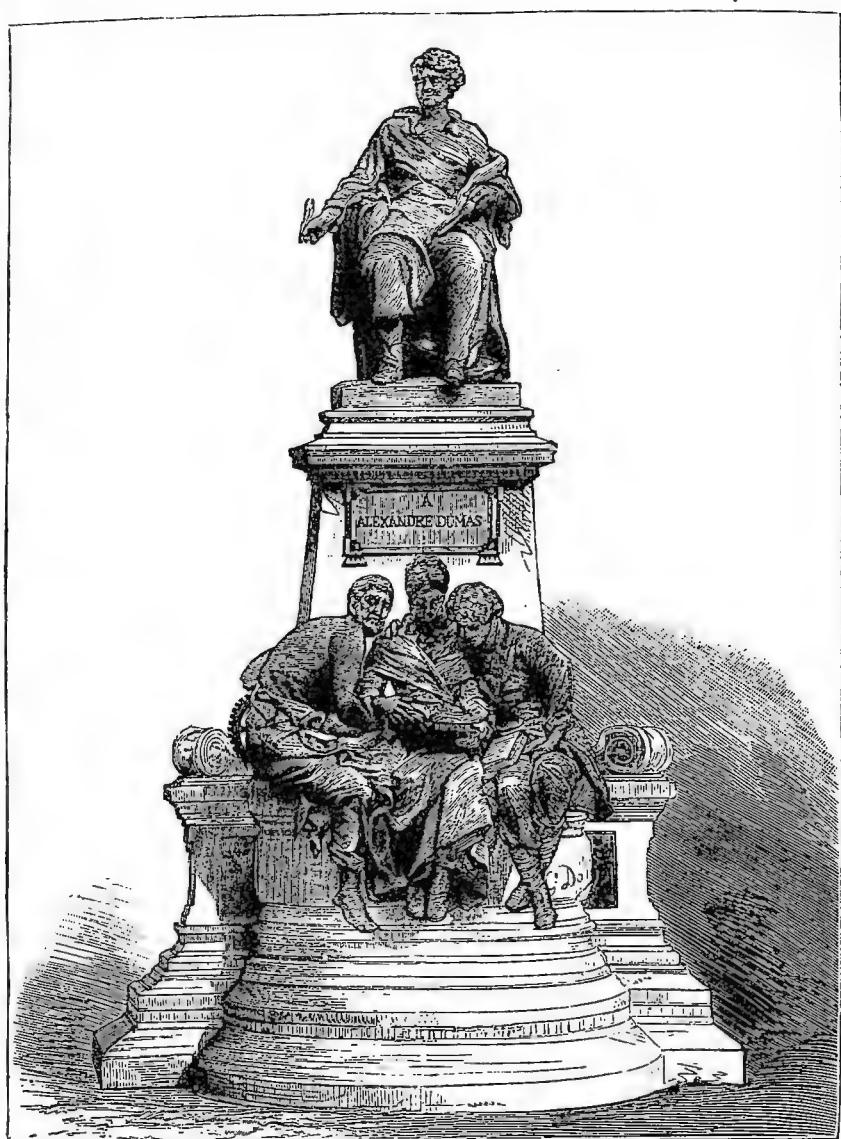
**AQUATICS.**—At Cambridge the Coxswain-less Fours have been won by Third Trinity, who beat Lady Margaret (St. John's) in the final heat.—The Fours at Oxford are not concluded at the time of making this note.—At both Universities preparations are being made for the Trial Eights.

**LACROSSE.**—Cambridge University has shown itself superior to London, winning the match against the latter by six goals to none.

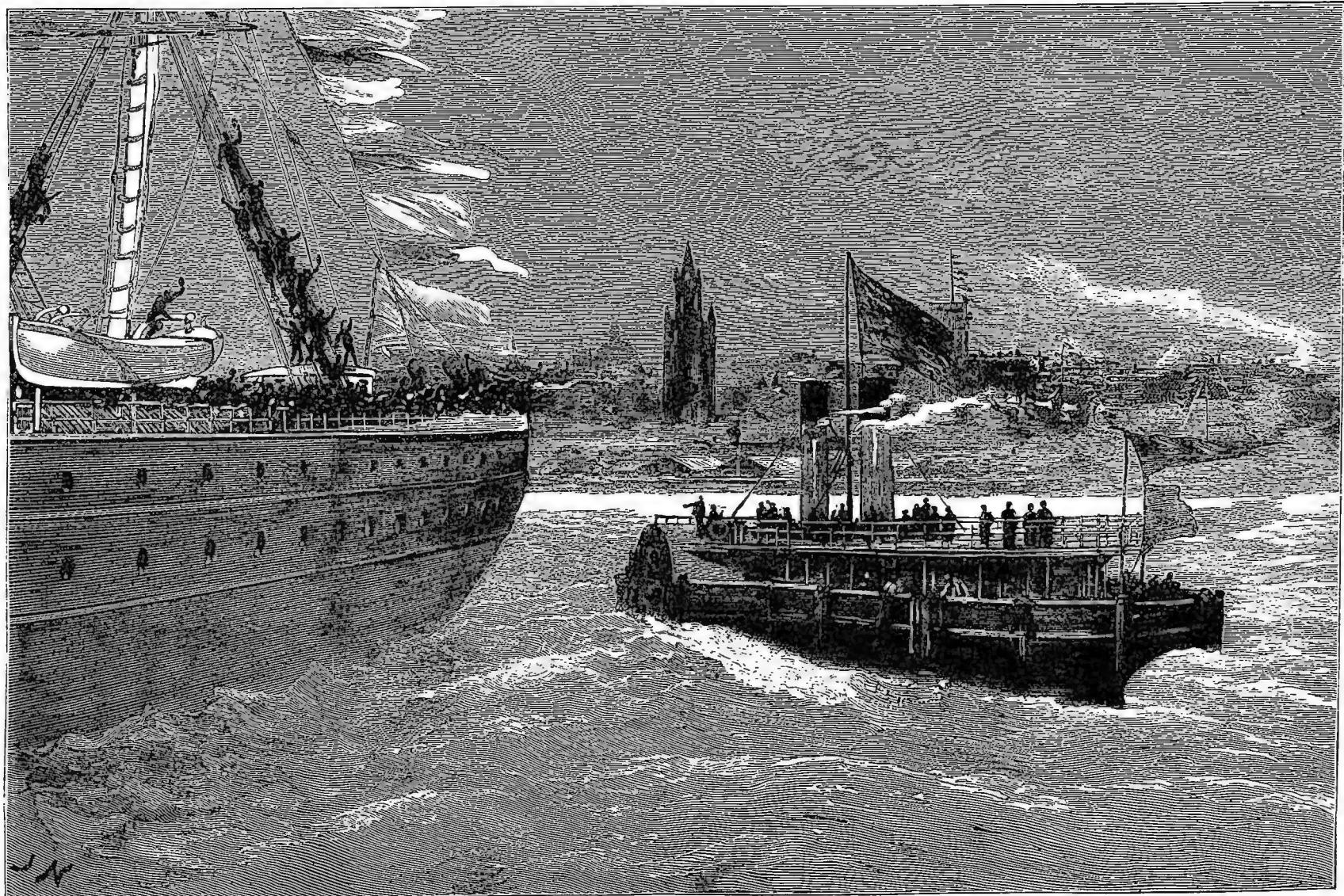
**BY WAY OF VARIETY IN SPORT** a match between a donkey and a carrier pigeon has been brought off on the Stratford Road, near



MISS NORTH, THE FLORAL ARTIST, AT WORK AT GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA



THE LATE GUSTAVE DORÉ'S STATUE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS ON THE PLACE MALESHERBES, PARIS



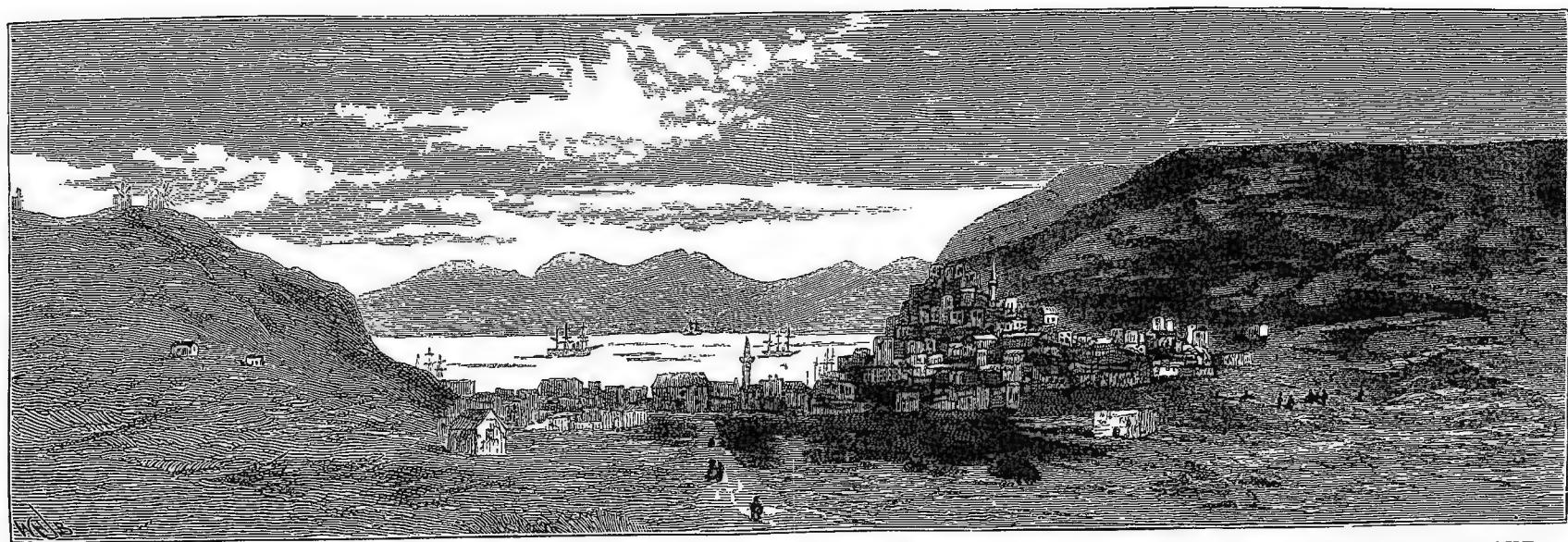
ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND MARQUIS OF LORNE AT LIVERPOOL FROM CANADA—THE STEAM-TUG WITH THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD LEAVING THE "SARDINIAN"



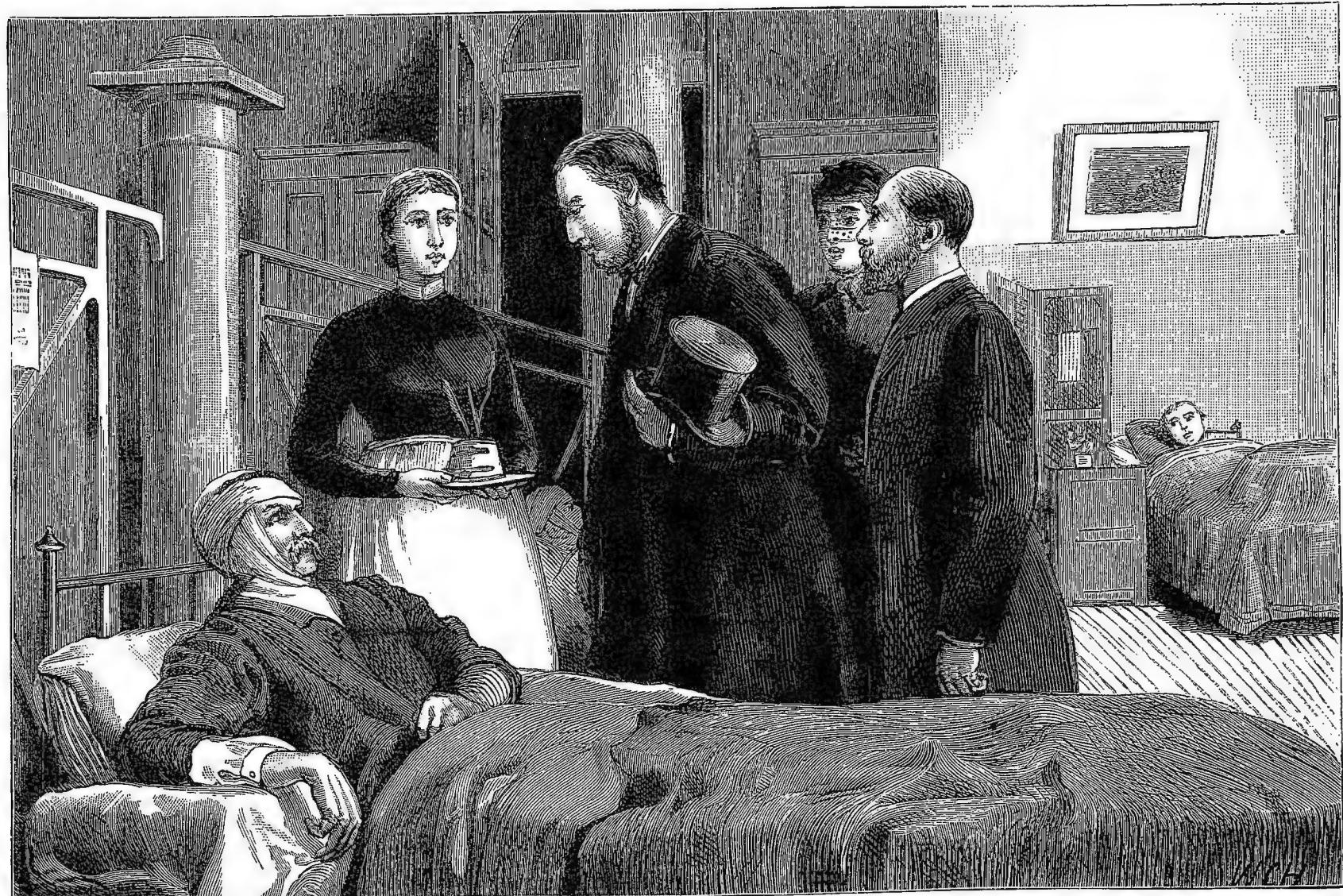
CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, NOVELIST  
Born 1816; Died October 22, 1883



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VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF TCHESMÈ, ANATOLIA, ASIA MINOR, PARTIALLY DESTROYED DURING THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE



THE EXPLOSIONS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY—SIR WILLIAM HARcourt VISITING THE WOUNDED AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL

Bow. The distance was a short one, but the donkey was allowed six minutes' start. The pigeon, however, won by about fifty yards. The stakes at issue were two sacks of pigeon's beans against a donkey-barrow.



WHAT the theatrical public and the dramatic critics of New York think of a new play or a new actor imported from this side of the Atlantic appears to be rapidly assuming an importance among us hardly second to that of opinion at home. In sending the other day long extracts from the notices in the American papers, to be repeated in the advertising columns of our daily journals, Mr. Irving was only following the example of Mr. Charles Wyndham, with this difference, however, that Mr. Irving, to save time, forwarded his quotations by Atlantic cable at the costly rate of a shilling a word. The example has since been followed in the case of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's *In the Ranks*, which was reproduced at the Standard Theatre, New York, on the 1st inst., with a success, if we may judge from the criticisms which have since been advertised here, not less remarkable than that which the piece is now enjoying at the Adelphi. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, in like manner, take care to keep the two great constituencies for which they provide entertainment well informed of each other's views regarding their popular operas. Fortunately for dramatic authors they are enabled to secure rights in America as long as they do not print their works. Doubtless this fact, coupled with the increasing interest in dramatic entertainments, helps the growing tendency of dramatists and managers to regard the two countries as practically one.

The directors of the new ALHAMBRA Theatre have, we hear, already begun to receive packets containing poetical addresses for the opening night, forwarded by competitors for the prize which they offer. The ingenious arrangement, under which the names of the unsuccessful candidates cannot possibly become known without the consent of their owners, will doubtless do much to encourage the sensitive. Possibly it may tempt some poet of distinction to compete; for to have succeeded without the prestige of a great name would afford a fair ground for self-congratulation, the judges appointed being decidedly competent persons. When the Drury Lane Committee, after the rebuilding of the theatre, consequent upon the great fire early in the present century, invited competition in a like fashion, the successful poet was Lord Byron, who happened to be a member of their body. It would be as well, perhaps, that there should be no competing poet among the Alhambra directors, unless his poetical talents should be equally unimpeachable.

Mr. Tom Robertson, who, in conjunction with his partner, Mr. Bruce, has devoted himself with praiseworthy zeal to the task of reviving his late father's works with the utmost care and good taste, invited the dramatic profession to a special performance of *Ours at TOOLE'S Theatre* on Lord Mayor's Day.

The ROYALTY Theatre is closed for the present to allow time for the rehearsal of Audran's comic opera *Gillette*, which will be produced on Monday, the 10th inst. The task of adapting the book has been entrusted to Mr. Savile Clarke.

The little drama of pathetic interest which Mr. Gilbert has written for Miss Mary Anderson is founded on a story contributed by the author some time since to a Christmas annual.

On Thursday, the 15th inst., Mrs. Rudolf Blind will give a matinée at the STRAND Theatre. The play selected is Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*, in which Mrs. Rudolf Blind herself plays Julia, and Mr. Herman Vezin Master Walter. The cast is in all respects a strong one.

*Vice-Verso* will be withdrawn at the STRAND Theatre after the 24th inst., and replaced by a new and original farcical comedy in two acts, entitled *Deceivers Ever*, by Malcolm Charles Salaman.



LORD COLERIDGE arrived at Liverpool from the United States on Monday, and left in the afternoon for London. On reaching Euston Station in the evening he received a cordial reception and welcome home again from an assemblage largely consisting of members of the Bar. On Wednesday morning Lord Coleridge resumed his seat on the Bench. On Tuesday he conferred privately with Mr. Charles Russell and other eminent members of the Bar. The subject-matter of the conference, it is said, was the difference in the procedure of American and English Courts of Law. One of these differences is that in the United States there is no distinction made between barristers and solicitors. An American "lawyer" can act in either capacity. If there be truth in the newspaper report that one of the points discussed at the conference was the admission of solicitors to practise as barristers in the Superior Courts, Lord Coleridge may have been stimulated by his American visit to desire

a revolution in English forensic practice, which, however agreeable to solicitors, would certainly meet with a formidable and determined opposition from the Bar.

A PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE of barristers was nominated some months since to promote the formation of an Associated Bar. In the first week of next month this committee will give place to a new one, to be elected by the whole Bar. Care has been taken, it seems, that the junior members of the Bar shall be adequately represented on the new Committee.

MR. MONTAGU COOKSON, Q.C., has contributed to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* an article on "The New Departure in Legal Reform." It opens with an account which is mainly a defence of the New Rules of Procedure, and this is followed by suggestions which, if adopted, would in the writer's opinion expedite the trial of cases. The suggestions may be summed up in the following sentences, to which Mr. Cookson lends all the emphasis that can be conferred by italics: "A 'stationary' judge for civil business established at a local centre, and a 'travelling' judge for the trial of criminal cases gyrating round that centre." Mr. Cookson illustrates by a map his proposed re-arrangement of the Circuits.

ON THURSDAY LAST WEEK the evidence for the prosecution was completed, and Mr. John Davis Watters, charged with having stolen securities to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds, in the keeping of the London and River Plate Bank, was committed for trial. In the course of the examination of one of the witnesses, a member of the Stock Exchange, the fact was clearly brought out that, though a rule of that body prohibits stockbrokers from dealing with clerks of mercantile firms or banks, it is frequently infringed. When called on, just before he was committed for trial, to answer to the charge of theft, Watters protested that he was entirely innocent, and that he had always regarded Warden as "a man of unimpeachable integrity."



THE ORCHARDS.—The season being now over, we can estimate the past fruit year as a whole. Such an estimate is a cheerful one; both in quantity and quality an average must be regarded as having been exceeded. The great fruit crop, apples, has proved good in almost every county, particularly in Kent. A better year for strawberries has seldom been known; while the fine and large yield of raspberries is reported to have made the fortunes of several large growers. Demand grew with the production, so that a large crop failed to send prices down. Currants and gooseberries were also heavy crops. Plums and damsons were a disastrous failure, cherries were poor, and peaches did not attain an average yield.

NUTS do not seem to have found the summer of 1883 favourable to their development, the wet weather of July being particularly unfortunate, for this is the time when the soft kernels should begin to harden. Kentish cobnuts and filberts are an exceedingly deficient yield, the former making 5*l.* per cwt. Round Maidstone, where a ton to the acre is no extraordinary yield, 2*cwt.* is this season's average; while, in parts less suited to nuts, there often are scarcely any in a good-sized wood. Walnut trees have here and there yielded well; but the rule has been otherwise. Better luck next year must be the growers' consolation.

POTATOES have now been lifted on almost all English farms, and the heaviness in the yield is practically admitted on all sides. Disease has got a strong hold of the Regents, which seem, in the course of years, to have become weak, and prone to develop disease. Champions vary much in yield, but suffer less from the disease. This year the sort known as the Magnum Bonum has generally done very well, there being a large yield and very little disease. The potato crop in France and Germany is above an average in yield; but the deficiency in rye will probably so increase the demand for potatoes on the Continent, that shipments to England will be small. Prices, however, should be moderate; good authorities think 3*l.* to 4*l.* per ton.

MANGOLDS, SWEDES, AND TURNIPS are now being stored in the south, though it will probably be another month before the northern counties have cleared their fields of roots. The crop seems a large one, of variable quality. The absence of frost has been very fortunate, and the number of spongy roots is not large. The size to which some varieties of mangolds now attain is very surprising; even at small country shows there will usually be on view some roots which resemble rather the gigantic growths of tropical countries than the products of the temperate zone. So much has careful cultivation done for this branch of agriculture.

THE LAND is now decidedly heavy in many shires, and complaints are heard that frequent ploughings have been necessary to check the growth of weeds, to which the present autumn appears to be unusually favourable. On the lighter soils complaints are less loud, and farmers are getting in their wheat. From what we can hear, the acreage should show a little recovery from 1882, despite the low prices now prevailing in the wheat market, prices which stand for a warning against the growth of wheat. A penny a pound is now the average price of English wheat, which, with potatoes, forms the cheapest food in the market.

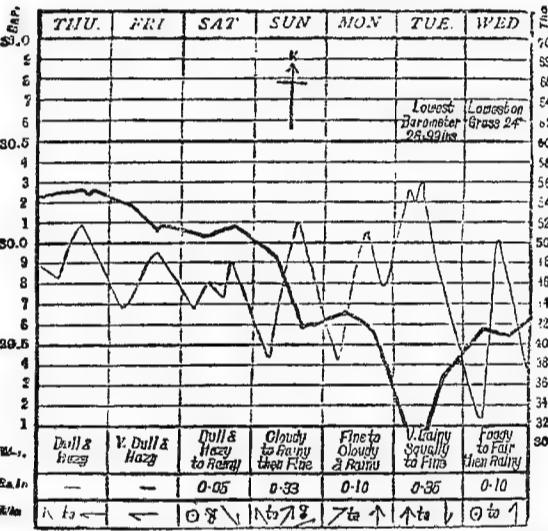
CATTLE POISONING.—Last week a herd of valuable bullocks belonging to Mr. Thomas Varnham, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, broke through a fence and got into a plantation. There they browsed on some yew trees, with the result of a dozen dying and as many more being much reduced by sickness. Mr. Varnham is a well-known farmer in Leicestershire, and the occurrence has caused quite a scare among agriculturalists of the vicinity, such a loss being quite enough to "break" a small farmer. Another cause of cattle poisoning is to be found in sewage-contaminated water, as well as in the water of dim and stagnant pools, tree-shaded from healthy air and light. The taste of Mr. Varnham's cattle for yew appears to us somewhat abnormal, but a correspondent avers of the stagnant water that cattle absolutely prefer it. On his farm cattle have persistently neglected pure water in troughs for these pools. It may be that cattle, like the Londoner in the story, prefer water "with a taste to it," but a more likely explanation seems to be found in the singularly conservative habits of the animal world. The pools by the woods were doubtless familiar "haunts" of our correspondent's cattle, besides which the shade of the trees is doubtless in itself "a consideration" in summer time to cattle as well as men.

FLOWERS may be with us always at the expense of a very little care. The first hyacinth should be in flower before the last of the chrysanthemums has faded, though in the open garden of course there will usually be a frosty interregnum. At the present time a few asters still linger, and a few pelargoniums. Yellow violets are still blooming, and the white Neapolitan adorns a few favoured gardens. A late and hardy variety of carnation, the "Lady Agnes," was in bloom in the open air only a week ago. Single dahlias may here and there be seen, but the least frost touch is fatal. We are glad to see the Temple Garden chrysanthemums are now fully out, and form a very fine display, rather better than last year.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Five badgers have recently been bagged in a single day's hunt near Crediton. The badger is getting scarce nowadays, and such a number of full-grown animals at one haul have probably not been taken for many years.—White partridges are not extremely uncommon, but it is rare to find a partridge like the one recently killed near Cupar, in Fife. This bird was in plummage quite white excepting the head and neck, which were of the colour of an ordinary partridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Julian, one of the largest farmers in Huntingdonshire, has been killed by accident in crossing a railway. The news caused much regret in the locality.—Americans continue to be large purchasers of Hereford cattle, which thrive exceedingly in most of the States.

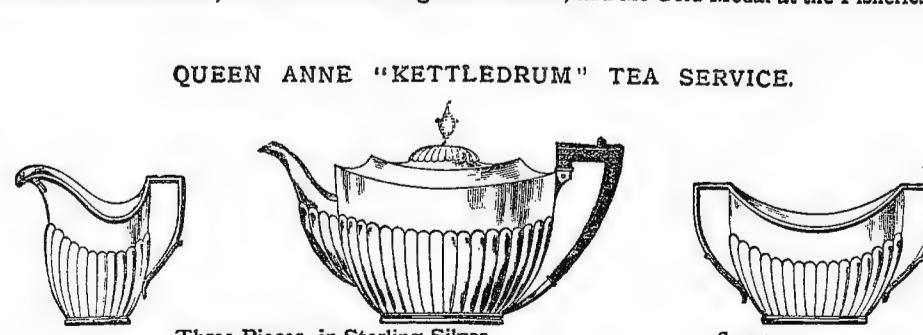
#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM NOV. 1 TO NOV. 7 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

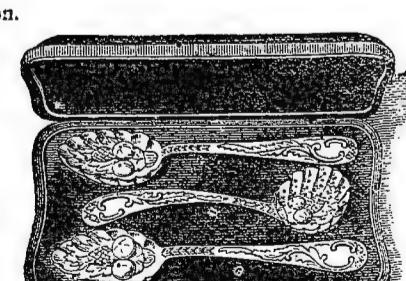
REMARKS.—The period under notice commenced with settled, gloomy, dry, and quiet weather, but was followed by unsettled, wet, and somewhat stormy conditions. Pressure distribution during the first three days was remarkably uniform over England, gradients elsewhere being very light. Both the barometer and thermometer fell steadily at this time, and leaden skies, with variable light airs and calms, prevailed generally. Sunday morning's (4th inst.) chart showed that a very decided change in the weather had set in, a large and deep depression lying off the north of Scotland, with a small subsidiary near the south of Ireland. The barometer consequently fell briskly, and rain occurred during the greater part of the day, with strong breezes from the southward. In the course of the next two days the centre of this depression was found to the west, causing the mercury to fall rapidly, and being attended by cloudy, rainy weather. Wednesday (7th inst.) found both these disturbances well removed from our area, and after a brisk recovery in the barometer the distribution again became uniform. Weather was at first foggy, but a partial clearness took place as the day advanced. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Thursday (1st inst.); lowest (28.99 inches) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range, 1.28 inch. Temperature was highest (56°) on Tuesday (6th inst.); lowest (33°) on Wednesday (7th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.93 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.35 inch, on Tuesday (6th inst.).

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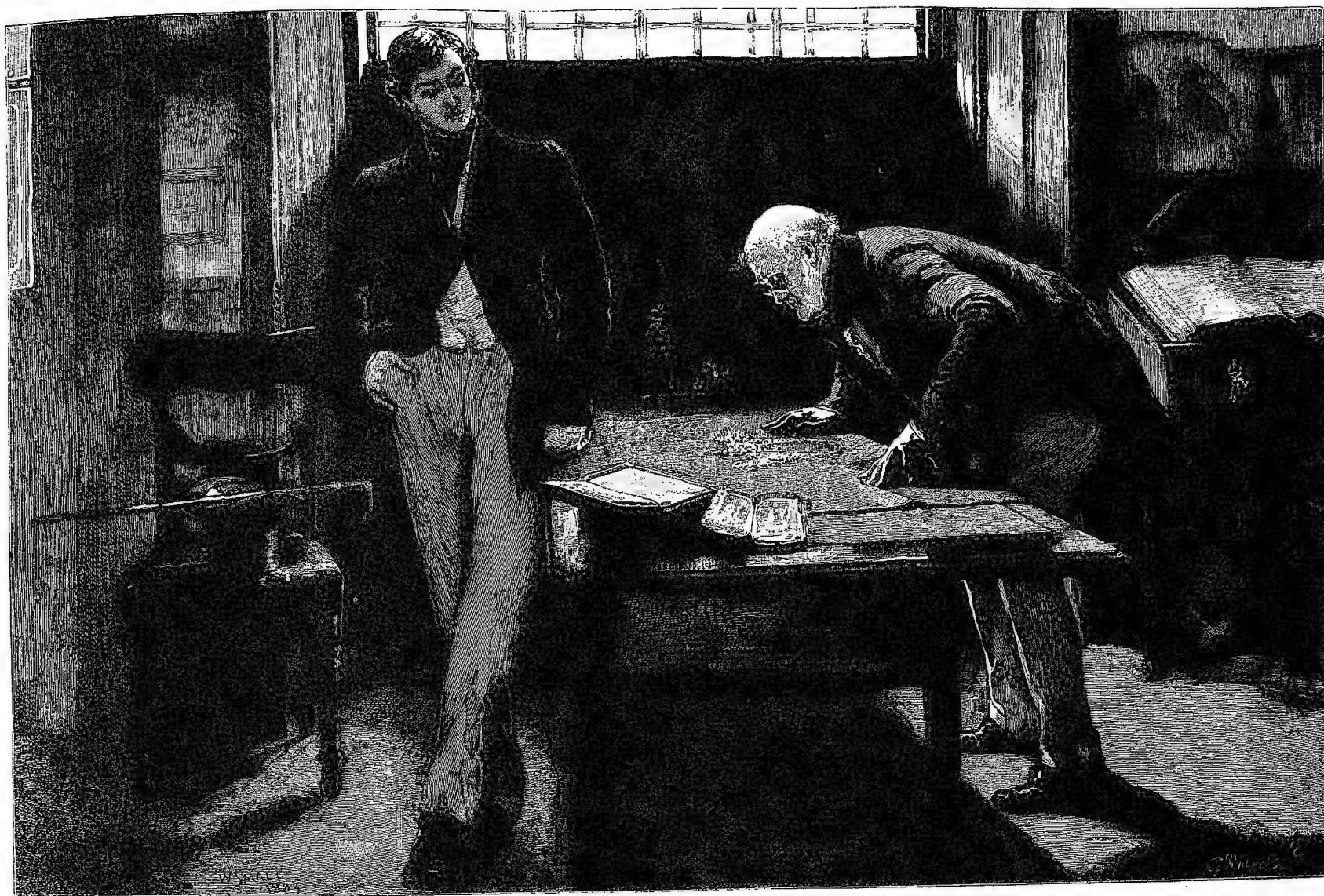
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Old Mr. Jacobson examined with interest the glittering contents of my leather boxes.

## THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## HARRY HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE

AFTER I had helped Lady Constance into her brougham, I walked slowly back to Sloane Street in the grey light of the summer morning. The sun had already risen by the time that I reached my rooms, and I was so hopelessly broad awake that it was ridiculous to think of going to bed. I dropped into an arm-chair, lighted a cigar, and reflected over all that had passed during the night. I was not altogether satisfied. There was a certain vulgarity about the service which I was required to perform. Like Naaman the Syrian, I should have been better pleased if I had been asked to do some great thing; and an idea of the extreme juvenility of my temperament at that epoch may be gathered from the fact that I spent a good hour in idle imaginings and introspections before I realised that the raising of 2,000/- would not, after all, be a task of the easiest kind. In fact, upon further consideration, I didn't in the least see how the thing was to be done. Unfortunately, the small capital which I had inherited was left, under my father's will, in the hands of trustees until I should have reached the age of five-and-twenty, and was consequently not available; to ask my uncle to advance me the sum was out of the question; and of the ways and requirements of money-lenders I knew next to nothing. It seemed tolerably clear, however, that I should have to seek out some accommodating Hebrew now. The questions were, Where was I to go, and What security was it in my power to offer?

In this strait I bethought me of Harry, whose experience would in all probability prove equal to the emergency, and I determined to consult him forthwith. He had given me his address—Clarence Cottage, Richmond Hill—as I often had occasion to send him a note, and it now occurred to me that I could not spend a fine morning better than by riding down to see him. It was true that he had expressed a strong objection to my doing this; but I thought, nevertheless, that I would chance his displeasure and go. I did not want to lose time, and probably he would be good-natured enough to pardon my intrusion in consideration of the pressing nature of my errand.

After taking a bath and changing my clothes, I walked round to the stables, where I saddled my horse, to the astonishment of the sleepy helper who was the only man about, and rode slowly away westward, enjoying

The world of pleasant sounds and sights  
That vanish with the dew.

I jogged along easily through Hammersmith and Barnes to Wimbleton, and by indulging my horse with a gallop over the Common and taking a circuitous route across Richmond Park, managed to put off the time until nine o'clock; by which hour Harry would, I presumed, be ready to receive an early visitor. From what he had told me, I imagined that Clarence Cottage was situated in a back slum, and was, therefore, pleasantly surprised when the policeman to whom I applied for information pointed out to me a pretty little rustic dwelling, overgrown with creepers and standing in a small garden.

Having reconnoitred the position, I rode away to stable my horse, and presently returned on foot.

"Chapman?" said the maid-servant who opened the door for me. "You've come to the wrong house, sir; this is Mr. Le Marchant's."

"Le Marchant, to be sure!" cried I, with much presence of mind; "I shall forget my own name next! Mr. Le Marchant is at home, I suppose?"

"Who should I say, sir?" asked the young woman, who may perhaps have had some acquaintance with the importunities of duns.

"Oh, it's all right," I answered impatiently; for I could hear the cheerful clatter of plates in a room on the right of the entrance, where Harry was evidently breakfasting. I pushed past her, knocked at the door, and, without waiting for permission, popped my head in, saying jocosely, "I've run you to earth, you see. I hope I haven't been indiscreet—"

The remainder of my sentence died away upon my lips, and I stood gaping foolishly in the doorway; for the enormity of my indiscretion was now startlingly apparent. Harry, in a shooting-coat and slippers, was sitting at the head of the breakfast-table; opposite to him, behind the urn and the tea-cups, was a lady of commanding presence—tall, rather stout, rather handsome, with a pair of bold black eyes; while immediately facing me was a little fair-haired boy, who broke the awful stillness by remarking placidly, "Here's a go!"

For the first moment or two I think Harry was as much put out of countenance as I was myself; but he rallied quickly. "The murderer's out," he said, with a smile. "Charley, let me introduce you to my wife, Paulina, Mr. Maxwell. Jimmy, this is your cousin Charles, already known to you by report. You had better go and say 'How do you do?' to him."

The lady behind the urn rose majestically, and made me a sort of stage curtsey, accompanied by an unnatural smile and one of those killing glances which are seldom seen except beyond the footlights. "This is, indeed, an unexpected honour!" she said.

"What a truly awful woman!" I thought to myself; but, on the other hand, I felt an immediate liking for the quaint little mortal who slid off his chair, trotted round the table, and held out his hand to me. It was evident that the humour of the scene was perceptible to Jimmy, and that he was enjoying it. His lips were tightly compressed, a dimple had formed itself on his cheek, and his blue eyes were dancing with subdued merriment.

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming?" he asked, with an air of great innocence.

Harry laughed, and I laughed too, which set us both a little more at our ease; but Mrs. Harry called out in a disagreeable, husky voice, "James, go back to your place, sir, and finish your breakfast. He's a spoilt boy, Mr. Maxwell, I am sorry to say. His father does so indulge him that he has no timidity, like a child ought to have. Now let me assist you to some ham and a cup of tea. Or would you like something stronger? I believe there's spirits in the house. Harry, why don't you offer your cousin a brandy-and-soda?"

I didn't dare to raise my eyes from my plate. What poor Harry's

feelings must be I could well imagine; though his self-possession enabled him to make the best of a very uncomfortable situation. The others had already finished their breakfast; I swallowed mine with all possible despatch; and as soon as I had done, Harry, to my great relief, said, "Perhaps you would like to take a turn round the garden with me now.—We are going to talk business, Paulina, and I dare say Charley will not see you again before he goes."

Mrs. Le Marchant was kind enough to take this hint. "Delighted to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Maxwell," said she; and, with another sweeping curtsey, she retired, dragging the reluctant Jimmy after her.

"I don't think this quite fair play, Charley," said Harry, when we were left in sole possession of the dining-room.

"My dear fellow," I answered, "I assure you I wouldn't have come here for the world if I had had the slightest idea that I shouldn't find you alone; but how could I guess that you were a married man? I never even dreamt of such a thing!"

Harry looked at me keenly. "Well," he said at last; "I believe you."

"Hang it all!" I exclaimed, with some indignation; "you don't suppose I should tell a lie about it, do you?"

He laughed. "No," he answered, "I don't think you tell lies; but, mind you, there are precious few people in the world of whom I should venture to say that. I don't suspect you of meaning to steal a march upon me; but, whether you meant it or not, that is what you have done. You are in the position of a man who has overheard something that he was not intended to hear. He can either take advantage of his discovery or he can dismiss it from his mind. A good many people—I myself, for example—would probably adopt the former course; others would consider that their duty as gentlemen obliged them to adopt the latter. I should think that you were one of the others."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose I am; but at the same time I can't see why you should wish to be so mysterious. I suppose that—lady is your wife?"

"Yes; that—lady is my wife," answered Harry, mimicking my momentary hesitation. "Which, I should think, will sufficiently explain my desire for mystery."

This was a little awkward. I shifted my ground, and asked, "Have you been long married?"

"Twelve years," answered Harry with a sigh. "Jimmy's just turned eleven. Poor little beggar! I sometimes wish he had never been born. Now I suppose you would like to hear who my wife was, and all that."

"If you don't mind telling me," I answered.

"I can't say that I much enjoy talking about it; but since you know now that I am married, you may as well know the rest. Paulina, as you can see for yourself, is not of aristocratic origin. In fact, she was a barmaid. Her father, who, I am glad to say, is dead, kept a public-house at Newmarket, and it was there that I first made her acquaintance ever so long ago—before my *fiasco* came. Afterwards, when I was awfully down on my luck, and hadn't a

soul in the world to exchange a word with, she used to be kind to me, and I was grateful; and so—so the natural stupid consequence followed. If, by any stretch of fancy, you can imagine yourself a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail, you may guess what your feelings would be towards the person who took the dreadful thing off for you. Paulina couldn't quite do that; but sometimes she made me forget my tin kettle. I declare," exclaimed Harry, bringing his hand down with a resounding slap upon the table, "that if she had been as old and ugly as Sycorax, instead of being, what she was at that time, a remarkably handsome young woman, I would have married her, and thanked her for taking me!"

"And quite right too!" cried I, with generous enthusiasm. "I admire you for having done as you did."

"You are very flattering," answered Harry drily; "but I don't advise you to display flattery in its sincerest form. A man who marries beneath him pretty generally makes a grievous mistake; and though it is open to you to retort that I couldn't well marry beneath me in one sense, I could, and did, in another. As Paulina is my wife, it would perhaps be in better taste not to criticise her; but, strictly between ourselves, I may whisper to you that she has certain small defects."

I said I was sorry for that.

"So am I sorry," rejoined Harry. "So is Jimmy. Jimmy don't like having his ears boxed, and I myself have a weakness for a quiet life; whereas Paulina prefers a stormy one. However, what can't be cured must be endured. Do you begin to understand now why I have so little ambition to see my father kill the fatted calf? And do you also perceive why I am unable to go and fight the Russians?"

"Yes," I said; "I see that you couldn't have enlisted; but I believe you are wrong about my uncle. He has distinctly told me several times that if you married and had a son, he should reconsider the question of your right to inherit Thirlby."

Harry was evidently struck for a moment. He changed colour, and seemed to breathe more quickly. "You never told me this before," he said.

" Didn't I? I thought I had. Anyhow, so it is; and I hope you'll lose no time in letting him know the truth. If all goes well, I shall meet you and your wife at Thirlby before the summer is over."

Harry burst into a laugh. "I beg your pardon," said he; "but really the idea of Paulina at Thirlby was too comical. For the hundredth time, my dear Charley, let me assure you that my troubles are past mending. You can't seriously suppose that my father would consent to sit down to dinner with Paulina, and I don't care to go where my wife would not be received."

"What nonsense!—of course she would be received," I said; but I couldn't help thinking that, though my uncle might consent to receive his son's wife, he would hardly be able to stand her company long. "It isn't a question of your taking up your permanent abode at Thirlby," I added, not very felicitously.

"Happily, it is not," observed Harry. "Nor is it even a question of our taking up our temporary abode there. Many thanks, Charley; but, all things considered, I prefer my crust of bread and liberty."

"That is all very well," said I; "but do you think you have any right to ruin your son?"

Harry's face softened. "Poor little chap!" he muttered. "You have no idea, Charley, what a clever child that is—as sharp as a needle, and the most independent young rascal you ever saw. He'd think nothing of walking off to the station all by himself and taking his ticket for London. Sometimes he swears he'll do it when his mother has one of her little fits of temper on."

"What are you going to do with him," I asked. "You will have to send him to school one of these days, I suppose."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so; but he is young yet, and small for his age. I have taught him to read and write; but, barring those accomplishments, he is as ignorant as a savage."

At this moment the subject of our remarks strolled towards us across the garden, whither we had betaken ourselves, and Harry called out:—

"Jimmy, my boy, do you know that your cousin has been telling me I shall have to send you to school before long? What do you think of that?"

Jimmy, after considering the question for a short space, replied, "Well, he shouldn't mind, if it was a school where there was no whipping."

"Gets enough of that at home, by George!" muttered Harry under his breath.

I took upon myself to assure Jimmy that it was only naughty boys who were whipped at school, and expressed a hope that he was not a naughty boy; to which he replied that he was not. He then approached me more closely, did me the honour to examine my watch and chain, and, after making further personal investigations, inquired where I lived. This gave me an opening by which I felt that I ought to profit, and I answered that at present I had rooms in London; but that when I was at home I lived down in the country, at a place where there was any amount of fishing, sea and fresh-water bathing, trees admirably adapted for juvenile climbers, and a well-stocked kitchen garden. "Wouldn't you like to come and see me there?" I asked.

Jimmy nodded. "All right," he said, with business-like promptitude; "when shall I come?"

"The very next time that Sunday falls in the middle of the week," interrupted his father hastily. "Now, young 'un, be off, and tell the cook to give your cousin an eatable luncheon, if she can."

I explained that the cook need not be troubled on my account, as I must return to London directly. "I only came down to consult you about something," I said, "and I have overstayed my time, as it is." And then, as Jimmy sauntered away, with his hands in his pockets, I added, "Now, Harry, surely you can't be so hard-hearted and so wrong-headed as to deprive that poor boy of his own?"

He looked at me from beneath his eyelids with a curious expression. "You surprise me," he said; "you really do surprise me. I am bound to believe that you are sincere; but in all my experience I never met a man so confoundedly eager to ruin himself."

"In the first place," I answered, "I shall not ruin myself at all; because my uncle won't leave me unprovided for; and in the second place I have a superstition that ill-gotten gains never bring luck. Do be sensible, and make up your mind to write home at once."

For a moment Harry seemed to waver. He remained silent, frowning intently at the ground, and buried in thought. But presently he shook his head and threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming half angrily, "No; it won't do!—it's out of the question—it never could be worked. It sounds devilish ungrateful, I know; but I wish to Heaven you would let my affairs alone!"

He spoke with a good deal of agitation, and I flattered myself that I had moved him; though it might be more polite to say nothing further just now. "Anyhow, you'll think it over," I urged.

"Yes," he answered impatiently, "I'll think it over; only you must not worry me, and you will be kind enough to remember that you are really bound in honour to secrecy this time. Now, for goodness' sake, let us drop the subject. You said you wanted to consult me about something."

"Yes; I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the best way of raising a little ready money. I have to find 2,000/- as

quickly as possible, and I know no more how to set about it than a baby. I suppose there are people who would accommodate me, are there not?"

"Heaps of people," answered Harry; "the only thing is that they won't do it very cheaply. Solomons is about as good a man as any of them;—that's to say, he isn't a greater thief than most. But if it is a question of paying tradesmen, I should strongly advise you to let it alone. They'll give you credit for a year or two, and, if they are at all decent people, they won't charge you interest, don't you see?"

"It isn't a question of paying tradesmen," I answered; "it's—in point of fact, it's a rather pressing call that has been made upon me."

Harry raised his eyebrows, and stroked his moustache meditatively. Then a light seemed suddenly to break in upon him, and he smiled. "Allow me to congratulate you, Charley," said he. "I don't know what idea you may have formed of Lady Constance Milner; many people would tell you that she isn't the woman to stick at a trifling. But I have known her, off and on, for a good many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that she would not have allowed you the privilege of helping her out of a hole unless she had made up her mind to allow you other privileges eventually."

I was not by any means equally sure of this, and I was vexed with myself for having so stupidly let out what I ought to have been most careful to conceal. "I said nothing about Lady Constance Milner," I remarked coldly, knowing, nevertheless, that this disclaimer was not likely to carry much conviction with it.

"To be sure, you didn't," Harry agreed with a slight smile. "What you want this money for is to make a remunerative investment in the Savings Bank; that is understood. Still, if you had required it for Lady Constance, I think I should have had good reason to congratulate you. As it is, permit me to withdraw my congratulations and to come to the point. Well, Solomons will let you have the two thousand, I have no doubt; only you will have to pay something like two thousand five hundred for it, you know; and the question is, will you be in a position to do that some six months hence?"

I was obliged to confess that I saw no reason at all for supposing that I should.

"H'm—you can't sell out any principal?"

"Not yet awhile, unfortunately."

"And you wouldn't like to apply to my father, I suppose?"

"Not upon any consideration whatever!"

"Ah!" And yet it looks very much as if you would have to apply to him in the long run. See here, Charley; you need not trust me unless you like, and if you only want me to give you the addresses of a few money-lenders, of course I can do that, and say no more about it. But if you would allow me to speak to you as one friend may to another, I would try and advise you to the best of my ability."

"Well," I said, after a moment's consideration, "I should be very much obliged to you if you would advise me. There isn't much use in my pretending that the money is not for Lady Constance."

"Then," said Harry, "I will put the case before you plainly as it appears to me. I think you have just two alternatives. The first is to tell Lady Constance point-blank that you can't find the money, and take your chance of what may follow. What will follow will almost certainly be that she will marry our friend Sotheran before the end of the season; and that might be the very best solution of the difficulty, so far as you are concerned—I don't say it wouldn't. Nevertheless, as I have told you before, I shall be sorry if it comes to that. Your second alternative is to tell my father that you have an urgent necessity for a couple of thousand pounds, at the same time requesting him to deduct that sum from what he may propose to leave you at his death, or to let it stand over until you can dispose of your own fortune. He won't ask you what you want it for."

"Neither alternative will do," I answered. "The first is not worth discussing, and I couldn't face the second. My uncle wouldn't ask for explanations, perhaps; but I should have to give them, all the same."

"I am sorry," said Harry, "that my imagination is not equal to the discovery of a third course. You haven't a stud of hunters or a valuable picture or two to dispose of, unfortunately."

"I tell you what," I said, struck with a sudden thought; "I have some jewels at the banker's which used to belong to my mother, and which are worth a good lot of money, I believe. I might just as well sell them. The idea was that they were to go to my wife; but I am not bound in any way, and as it is in the last degree improbable that I shall ever marry, I shan't feel that I am defrauding that mythical lady by parting with them."

"Upon my word I don't think you could do better," said Harry meditatively. "Does my father know of the existence of these jewels? Of course he does though."

"Yes; but he need never know that they are not lying safely at the bank. What a fool I was not to think of this before!"

I could not help regretting a little now that I had unnecessarily taken Harry into my confidence; and he did not lessen this regret by remarking with a smile: "There is a certain appropriateness about the arrangement too. Lady Constance will get her money instead of her diamonds, that's all. Moreover, when you tell her what you have done, she will feel a great deal more bound to you—that is, unless she is very unlike other women—that she would have felt if you had raised the money in a more expensive and troublesome way. So you will score all round."

"Good gracious me!" I exclaimed, in some disgust, "you don't suppose that I am going to tell her anything at all about it, do you? Of course I don't want her to think herself under the smallest obligation to me."

"I am justly rebuked," said Harry; "but really you must not look for delicacy of feeling in me. The bloom was rubbed off the peach a great many years ago, and I confess that I can't even understand now why a man should disdain to take his profit out of circumstances. However, I daresay you are right, and I am glad you will not need to trouble Solomons."

Soon afterwards I got up to go, and Harry accompanied me through the cottage, where we encountered Mrs. Le Marchant, looking somewhat flushed and perturbed. From the anxious manner in which she scrutinised us, I fancied that she was in doubt whether to regard me as a friend or an enemy; so to make her mind easy, I said, "I hope you will allow me to call upon you again some day, now that we have become acquainted. I should like to see more of my friend Jimmy too."

"Well, I'm sure you're very kind," she answered, glancing dubiously at her husband, who said:—

"Oh, come if you choose, Charley, and if the Foreign Office can spare you. I trust you implicitly not to reveal the existence of Paulina and Jimmy, and as for myself, you know it is always a treat to me to have a visit from you."

"Indeed, sir, I think it would do him good if you was to come sometimes," said Mrs. Le Marchant, suddenly dropping her fine-lady manner and speaking quite naturally and humbly. "He don't see many friends."

"Then you may expect me very soon," answered I, shaking hands with them both. I turned to look at them as I unfastened the garden-gate, and my heart was filled with compassion for them. Poor flushed Paulina, with her hand resting upon her husband's shoulder; Harry, pale and listless, leaning in the doorway—there was a whole drama in that little vignette of a coarse, loving,

passionate woman and a weary man who has outlived love and passion, who only asks for peace, and is disgusted by outbreaks which he unconsciously arouses. A drama which has been enacted by thousands of couples in all ranks of life since the world began, and which will continue to be enacted, one may suppose, till the end of the chapter.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MR. SOTHERAN FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

THE next day I went down to Yarmouth and got my jewels from the bank, where they had lain hid for so many years. By good luck, I met with no acquaintances in the course of my hurried visit to the town; but I must have had a narrow escape of making the return journey to London in company that would have been a little embarrassing; for, on reaching Sloane Street, I found a note from George Warren, telling me that he had only that afternoon left home to join the ship which was to take him to Sydney.

"I need not say how sorry I am not to shake hands with you before I start," George wrote. "I thought I should be able to manage it; but there was a hurry at the last moment; and so here I am on board ship and expecting to be down the river by early morning. Of course, when I saw you the other day, I had no idea of sailing so soon. The opportunity came, however, and it was best in every way to profit by it. I think you will be glad to hear that Miss Dennison and I parted friends, and that she has promised to write to me sometimes. She was very kind" . . . (here a few lines were carefully erased). "I suppose you and most other people would think friendship a poor substitute for love; but I don't look at it in that way. I don't want to lose everything, you see."

The letter concluded with some warmer professions of regard than George generally allowed himself to use. It made me very sorry to think that I should see his kind, honest face no more till years had altered it, and I folded up his letter with a rather heavy heart. In this world of change and compensation acquaintances, friends, lovers even, come and go; vacant places are filled, and profit and loss balance up against one another as the years roll by; but the friend of one's boyhood can never be replaced. I had several engagements for that night; but I neglected them all, and went early to bed, where I lay awake for some time, meditating upon the contrariness of things.

However, I fell asleep at length, and when morning came, I had the best antidote for sorrow in the shape of a multiplicity of duties, not the least of which was the speedy converting of my jewels into coin. In order to effect this, I thought my wisest course would be to address myself to the old-fashioned but highly respectable jewellers with whom our family had had dealings for many years, and I accordingly drove to Bond Street as soon as I had finished my breakfast.

Old Mr. Jacobson, the senior partner of the firm of Jacobson and Lawson, received me in a dark little parlour behind his shop, and examined with interest the glittering contents of my leather boxes, which made a sufficiently imposing show, when spread out upon velvet.

"Do I understand you that you wish to sell these family jewels, sir?" he inquired, in a tone of surprise not unmixed with reproach.

I said that I did, and that I wanted 2,000/- for them; which caused the old man to smile.

"Stones cannot be valued, sir, in a moment," he replied; "still I have no doubt that I could tell you, on referring back to our books, what was the original price paid for most of these. But, if you will excuse the liberty of my saying so, sir, it seems a pity that you should part with them, when a temporary advance is, perhaps, all that you require. Young gentlemen often want a few odd hundreds; and I am sure we should be most happy—"

"Well," I said, "I must have a couple of thousand. Can I borrow as much as that upon the security of my jewels?"

The old man looked grave. "Speaking at a rough guess, sir, I should say that would be the full value of the stones," he answered.

"I can consult my partner on the subject; but I almost doubt—"

"Don't doubt, Mr. Jacobson," I interrupted, "and don't trouble yourself to consult your partner. I have no feeling at all about parting with these trinkets; I have no associations connected with them; and I shall be only too glad if you will buy them of me for whatever you may think them worth. I know I can trust you to pay me a fair price. I'll leave them with you now, and, as I'm in rather a hurry for the money, perhaps you could let me have it by five o'clock this evening. And, by the way, Mr. Jacobson, it would suit me better to be paid in bank-notes than by cheque."

"Very good, sir," replied the old jeweller, who had now evidently made up his mind that I was a second Charles Surface, and that remonstrances would be thrown away upon me. "It is generally thought unwise to carry a large sum in bank-notes about the streets; but I will take care that they shall be ready for you, since you desire it."

I had made this request partly because I did not wish Lady Constance's name should appear in my banker's book, and partly because I promised myself a certain satisfaction from placing the actual tangible money in her hands. When I called again at five o'clock Mr. Jacobson counted me out 2,500/- in notes, and regretted his inability to treat with me upon more liberal terms.

"I am perfectly satisfied with the price, thank you," said I. "In fact, it is 500/- more than I want."

I then signed a receipt, strolled my notes into my pocket, and set off for Hill Street in a mood of joyous anticipation.

It was rather a disappointment to me, on arriving there, to find that Lady Constance was not alone, nor likely to be so for some little time. Surrounded by a circle of visitors, amongst whom were Mr. Sotheran and that jovial member of the Ministry to whom I have already had occasion to allude, she was commenting upon the last news from the seat of war, and did not allow the current of her observations to be disturbed by my entrance.

"If there is one thing that puzzles me more than another," she was saying, "it is your delight at the success of the Turks. You are as jubilant as if you yourselves had forced the Russians to raise the siege of Silistria; you don't seem to suspect that all Europe is laughing at your army, which can't move and has to look on, while the Turks do the work. When you do begin fighting, what do you expect to gain? Do you even know what you are fighting for? Is it to 'protect an oppressed people from the insolence of a tyrant,' as Mr. Sotheran told his constituents the other day?"

"Well, for that among other things," good-humouredly answered the Minister, to whom these questions were addressed. "We English may be fools; but give us credit at least for possessing a conscience."

"You represent the sentiments of the nation so admirably," returned Lady Constance, "that I can't understand why everybody should say that you will be out of office before you are much older. You care as much about the oppressed people in the East as you care about the oppressed Poles. You would like to take Egypt; only you daren't do it. You plume yourselves upon your moral cowardice; you shout out that it is a conscience; and all the people cry Amen! Look at Mr. Sotheran, for instance. Mr. Sotheran is a typical Englishman."

The gentleman referred to, who, with his hands folded upon the top of his walking-stick, and his chin resting on his hands, had been studying the pattern of the carpet, assumed a more erect attitude, and cleared his voice. Probably it was not disagreeable to him to be described as a typical Englishman.

(To be continued)



WE were quite aware that the mania for old plate is more rational than the craze for blue china; but still we had no idea, till we read Mr. Chaffers's "Gilda Aurifabrum" (Allen), how much varied interest gathers round the subject. The book is a sequel to the author's "Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate," which has gone through six editions since 1863. Of course the maker's name is useful for fixing the date in cases where the hall-mark is worn out; but this help does not go further back than 1697, the earlier records having disappeared from Goldsmiths' Hall. It is the plate-worker whose monogram or other mark is preserved. The artist is never put on record, though Flaxman and Stothard both designed a good deal for Rundell and Bridge; and the goldsmith is seldom more than the publisher, so to speak, of what the others have produced. The Edict of Nantes did a great deal for English goldsmiths' work. Mr. Chaffers gives a whole page of names, such as Harache, Garnier, Videau. These refugees were making plate while their employers, the goldsmiths, were feasting at civic banquets. One of the most notable of our Huguenot craftsmen was Daniel Marot, originally an architect, who brought in the Corinthian column candlesticks now known as Queen Anne style. Most of the chief goldsmiths were also bankers (and pawnbrokers), and Mr. Chaffers's list shows how much more profitable these trades were than working in gold and silver. The bankers Duncombe, Childs, Coutts were goldsmiths as well. Duncombe lost one fortune in that "closing of the Exchequer" whereby Charles II. laid hands on more than a million and a quarter. Charles I. had set him the example by seizing, in 1640, the merchants' cash deposited in the Mint. Thanks to Charles and the Parliament England has no regalia older than 1660. Charles II. had to put off his crowning until the necessary things were made. His father had pledged 3,600 ounces of richly-jewelled gold plate, including (besides many Danish pieces, part of Anne's dowry) such priceless objects as "The Mirror of England," "The Dream of Paris," &c. This was in 1625, when Buckingham persuaded him to make war on Spain. His Queen carried off and sold some of the remainder, and Parliament in 1644 melted up what was left. Mr. Chaffers gives a catalogue of old plate, beginning with a spoon left by Henry VI. at Bolton Hall after Hexham fight, and including the gems of the Staniforth and Ashford and Bischoffsheim collections. He reckons Alfred the Great and St. Eloi and, of course, St. Dunstan among famous goldsmiths.

Mr. Mateer's "Native Life in Travancore" (Allen) is just one of those exhaustive books which people used to write about India two generations ago. When men lived their life out there, it was essential for them to know all about every little cluster of inhabitants in their district, what their customs were, and how they looked on one another. Since the Mutiny our officials probably know more of India as a whole; but individuals certainly have in general a less minute acquaintance with the caste-customs, &c., of the corner with which each is connected. For one thing these customs are in some places getting to be of less vital importance; but in Travancore this is not so. Moreover, the book is intended as a guide to the missionary, who cannot afford to overlook anything, however trivial, in the life of those among whom he works. The strange relations between the sexes on the Malabar coast are, for instance, important not merely to the sociologist, who may either see in them, with Mr. M'Lennan, a survival of the primitive rule of communal marriage, or may class them among outgrowths of Brahmin selfishness, but also to the missionary, who, while he will gladly recognise the sacredness of Hindoo marriage, cannot admit that the substitute for it amongst Nayars and Malayalis has any value. With polyandry or organised concubinage as the rule, there follow naturally the descent of property in the female line, and the maintenance of undivided families,—"than which ingenuity could not devise a more effectual plan for damping the spirit of the industrious and extinguishing the spirit of the idle." Side by side with these polyandrous Nayars have been living Syrian Christians, dating traditionally from St. Thomas's time; and it is they who help to make the grand Christian total, amounting to a fifth of all the inhabitants of the country. There must have been great difficulties in coming at this total; the idea of a census drove the people wild with terror. One poor man, who had nothing but ten hens, cut off their heads and sold them, and disappeared with the money, others sold off their sheep and ate up their seed corn. Census was clearly identified with taxing, and that on some monstrous scale. Some of the castes in Travancore are given to devil-worship, fearing to turn Christians lest the devils should kill them (one poor fellow begged that his children might not go to school: why should the demon be angered into taking them?). Others are serpent worshippers; hence it is hard to get snakes killed, and deaths from snake bites are very frequent. One of the most curious of Mr. Mateer's chapters is that on the *kudumi*, or Hindoo tuft of hair, including the discussion whether this ought not to be shaved off when a man becomes a Christian. Dress, too, is a difficulty; some female converts object to the Christian jacket, which certainly in Mr. Mateer's engraving is not particularly becoming. The missionaries, on the contrary, rule that a woman in her native garb is not clothed enough.

Mr. Low's "Life of Sir F. Roberts" (Allen) enables those who care to do so to compare the hero of Tel-el-Kebir, whose life Mr. Low has also written, and him of Pir Paimal. Not that Mr. Low indulges in any such comparisons. His object is to give a straightforward and complete history of one of our greatest living generals, and he admirably fulfils it. The book may almost rank as an autobiography, for it has been revised, chapter by chapter, by Sir Frederick himself. The details about Sir Abraham Roberts, for some time the patriarch of Indian generals, are very interesting. He was active in the Public Works Department; active also in the first Afghan War. Had his advice been taken we should have been spared the retreat and its disasters. As it was, Roberts resigned, not being supported by Lord Amherst against the obstinacy of Macnaghten. At Peshawur, in 1852, the future Sir Frederick began his career as his father's A.D.C. Five years after, the siege of Delhi enabled him to show the value of his Eton training. Then came his work under Sir Colin Campbell, and then the Abyssinian war, followed by a campaign against the Looshais—poor work, in which the murderous Goorkhas were the chief combatants, and the destruction of rice-stores the main object, "the enemy" being poor Hill tribes dispossessed by tea-planters. Of the late Afghan War we need say nothing. German military critics assert that the great march from Cabul to Candahar is our finest achievement since Waterloo. Step by step Mr. Low follows his hero's career, throwing much side-light on Afghan affairs, pointing out, for instance, how the proclamation at Kooshi gives weight to Sir John Laye's imputation. The Afghans hate us because in our first invasion we cynically disregarded their feelings about their women. Mr. Low works his way conscientiously through the maze of Afghan politics, but where he most thoroughly carries the reader along with him is in his Mutiny chapters. The joy of battle glows through the record of Lieutenant Hills's dashing swordsmanship, and of Lieutenant Roberts's hair-breadth escapes; while the occasional pig-

sticking on idle days reminds us of Cromwell and his pack of hounds in Kerry. The Roberts family belong to County Waterford, and were early crossed with Huguenot blood.

We are grateful for anything that promotes the study of botany and the intelligent love of flowers, but we think the Rev. H. Wood (not to be confounded with the author of "Homes without Hands") has not made the best that might have been made of his musings "Among the Wild Flowers" (Swan Sonnenschein). He refers to Mr. Leo Grindon; he might have named the Rev. J. A. Johns and Miss Anne Pratt, both of whom have done admirable work. His aim is to treat of flowers according to their seasons, a plan which has its advantages, though he is obliged to supplement it with chapters on water, water-side, bog plants, &c. The *Umbelliferæ* are a puzzling tribe, but simply to give lists of names is a very unsatisfactory way of dealing with them. One wants somebody at hand to explain the difference between water parsnip and water dropwort, and between reed mace and true bulrush. Mr. Wood's book will not do for the student; but then it may lead beginners to more practical works. We do not think the specimens of the author's poetry will conduce to this end.

The literary results of the Fisheries Exhibition seem inexhaustible. We have received from Messrs. Clowes "Storm-Warnings," in which Mr. Scott too briefly tells how Mr. Redfield in America in 1847, and Leverrier in 1855, started the electric telegraph as a storm-warner, the latter moved thereto by the great Balaklava storm of November, 1854. Storm-warning is by no means perfect; but it improves. A great step in advance would be a telegraph station at every fishing village, with some contrivance for getting very urgent warnings published at any hour of the night; as it is, the messages from the west are too late for our south-coast fishermen. The discussion showed that while a station on Ben Nevis is likely to do great good, one (with a lighthouse) on Rockall would do still more.

Mr. Mundahl, in "Line Fishing," gives curious facts about the work of the different nations. The Germans, though they have to go off in thousands to America, do strangely little to help the food difficulty at home by sea-fishing. The Swedes are the most energetic. They alone face the hard work of fishing in 200 fathoms. We are glad the chairman at Mr. Mundahl's lecture quoted Stephenson's words: "The whole question of the extension of fisheries is a question of the improvement of harbours." This ought not to be lost sight of in Ireland.

Readers of Mr. Milne Home's "Salmon and Salmon Fisheries" will be astonished that the Scotch Fishery Laws are different from ours, and that Scotland is very anxious to be put on the same footing in this respect as England. The discussion was enlivened by the Witcher *versus* Wilmot controversy. The former issued circulars saying that fish culture in Canada is a failure; his fellow-Commissioner maintains that it is a thorough success. Quite as essential, however, as feeding more salmon is taking care of those we have. The dead fish picked out of the Tweed alone average more than 5,000 a year. They die because their spawning grounds are polluted; hence they retain their *ova* at risk of fatal inflammation.

From the late angling editor of *Bill's Life* one expects amusement as well as instruction; and Mr. J. P. Wheldon's "Freshwater Fishing in Great Britain, other than Trout or Salmon," gives us plenty of each. His advice about "that essentially sporting fish, the barbel," is very good in both senses. We are glad that when, by proper management, he and his friend had caught 3 cwt., they had the grace to put back all, except ten fish. But we cannot see much good in telling people how to catch bream, dace, &c., for we agree with those who think that the sauce and stuffing are the best part of the dish. Perhaps, however, true anglers are like fox-hunters, and don't care about the edible quality of their game.

We hope no one will fail to read Mr. Brown Goode's "Fishery Industries of the United States" and Mr. Zoncas' "Fisheries of Canada," both containing interesting facts about "hatcheries" for sea as well as rivers. It seems strange that in Canada they should need to be re-stocking their rivers, and should have to protect spawning sea-fish by fixing a close time. But so it is. Man never begins to save till he has felt the pinch of want; and the waste of civilisation is terrible. On the other side of the Atlantic they like protection for fish as well as for other things; and two speakers more hopelessly at variance than Mr. Huxley and Mr. Wilmot it is impossible to imagine. We trust that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.

When speaking of "New Church" books, we omitted the Rev. Chauncey Giles's "Spiritual World, and Our Children There" (Speirs). We recommend it as a very readable statement of what the New Church believes about the soul, the resurrection, the outward form of spirits, &c. The system is (as we said) a protest against materialism; and there are many who will get much comfort from the way in which children's deaths are treated of in the second part of this little volume. Even children's clothing in the after world is not held to be beneath the dignity of the subject. One thing will astonish Mr. Giles's readers—the strangely new look which questions that we have all our lives taken for granted assume when handled by writers of his school.

The second edition of Mr. J. E. H. Gordon's "Electricity and Magnetism" (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), contains much new matter of great interest. We may particularly mention the exhaustive account of Mr. Tribe's electrolytic experiments, the illustrations of which are very beautifully executed in colour, and the chapter dealing with the magnetic phenomena observed by Professor Bjerknes and Mr. Stroh. The author's avowed intention to abstain from all mention of the electric light prepares the reader for the absence of much matter which might reasonably be looked for in a work on electricity and magnetism. Still, the announcement of the forthcoming volume seems hardly sufficient excuse for withholding all notice of the electro-magnetic machines, called forth by Faraday's discovery of magnetic induction, and which led up step by step to the Gramme and Siemens dynamo-machines of to-day. For it must be remembered that such machines can be, and are, used as motors, and that just now their application to railways, launches, tram-cars, &c., gives them a far wider interest than if they could merely be used for purposes of lighting. The omission is the more noticeable perhaps because the theories of electrical phenomena enunciated by the late Professor Clerk Maxwell are very fully dealt with, and it is well known that he considered the reversal of the Gramme machine (*i.e.*, its adaptability to act as a motor), the greatest discovery of modern times. We may also regret that three pages only are devoted to the telephone and microphone, and that although there is a chapter on selenium, no notice is taken of Professor Bell's photophonic researches. Notwithstanding these omissions, which may possibly only affect the general reader, these volumes contain very much that cannot be obtained elsewhere, and they represent a most valuable addition to the resources of the student of electrical phenomena.

Amateur photographers—and there are many such nowadays—will welcome two little works by Mr. H. Baden Pritchard, "The Photographic Studios of Europe" and "About Photographers and Photography" (Piper and Carter). The former contains brief notes on the most celebrated photographers, British and foreign, together with a graphic account of the manner in which prisoners are photographed both in London and Paris, and highly interesting accounts of Kew Observatory and Dr. Huggins's method of photographing the stars. In "Photography and Photographers" there are a number of serious and amusing essays on various photographic themes, together with brief records of various journeys on the Continent—trips in Norway and in the Tyrol; through the Thuringian

Forest; and on the Italian Lakes—which cannot fail to be of use to those who make a camera part of their travelling paraphernalia. —Three good educational primers lie on our table, a "Practical and Conversational French Reader," by F. Julien (S. Low), in which the chief feature is the great care bestowed on the method by which correct pronunciation is to be secured, and the first and second parts of "Picture Primers" of Messrs. Blackwood's Educational Series, and by which the road to learning is certainly rendered as easy as it probably ever will be.

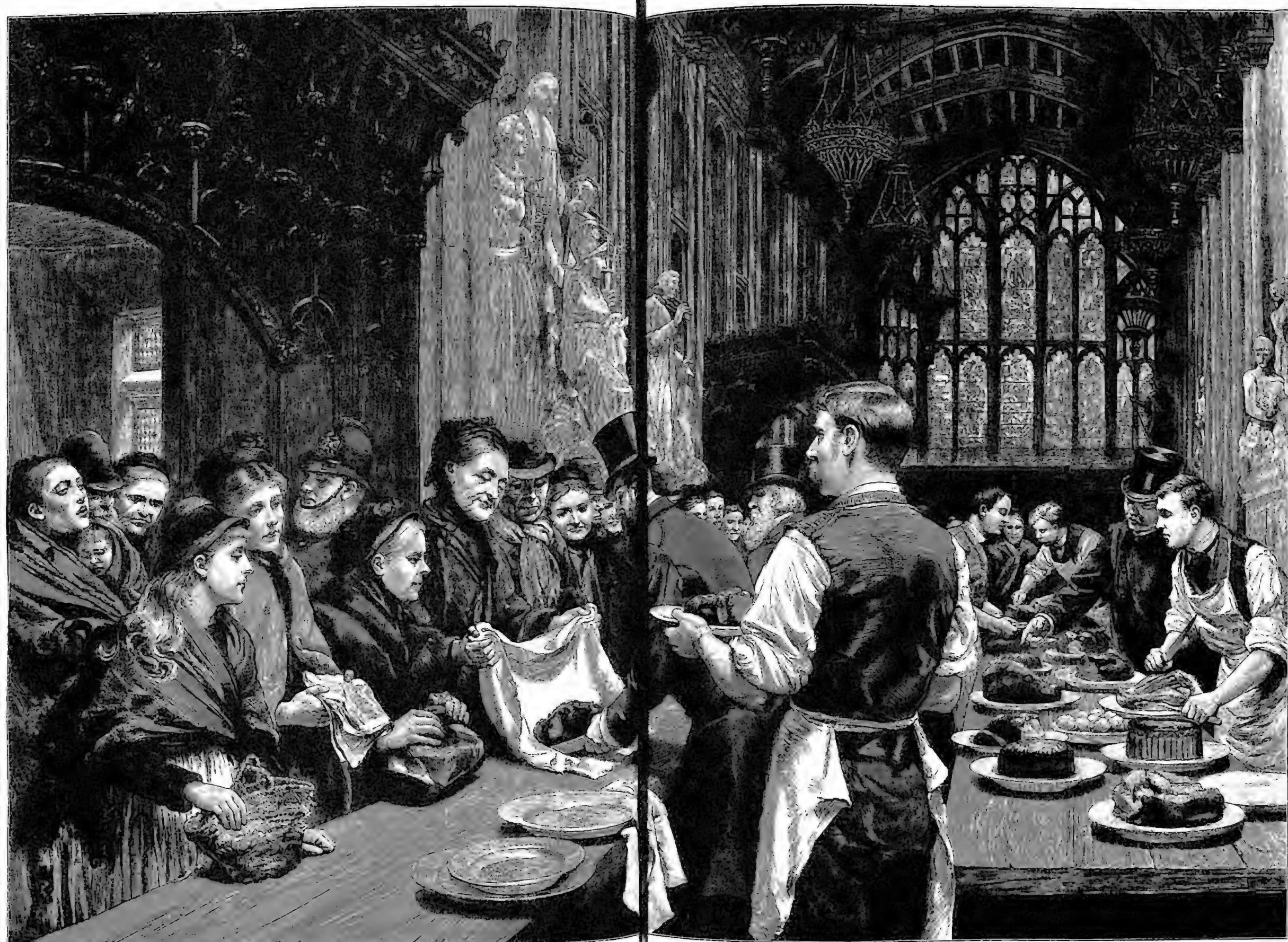


"A GREAT TREASON;" a Story of the War of Independence, by Mary A. M. Hoppus (2 vols., Macmillan and Co.), belongs to the most ambitious order of the historical novel, and amply deserves to be judged by a far higher standard than it is at all necessary to apply to ordinary fiction. The central point of interest, or at any rate the principal and concluding episode, is the often-told story of Major André. But Miss Hoppus has really taken for her theme the War of Independence itself up to the immediate consequence of Arnold's treason; and her account of the Boston riots, with which she commences, is no less striking than her conclusion. Her sympathies are strongly on the American side, though her heroine is a staunch Tory—and, it must be added, fascinating enough to give additional merit to the self-sacrificing patriotism of both her Republican lovers. The most complete dramatic and personal interest is given alike to the social and domestic, and to the military and political details of the great struggle, and the result shows a minute and something like exhaustive knowledge of the time, even to an acquaintance with its smallest household details, and with its political squibs and newspaper articles. The authoress has clearly gone to work in the spirit which brings great work within reach, and renders inferior work impossible, while she has an exceptional share of the imagination needful to call the historic dead to life again. Her attempt, after the manner of Thackeray, to give her work the style and colour befitting its period, is also a remarkable success, though it is not quite invariably sustained; and so far as the author of "Esmond" is her master, as to some extent he unquestionably is, she has caught something more than merely method and form. The faults of this admirable piece of work are three—its needless length, an unfortunate yielding to inevitable temptation in leaving nothing untold, and—a matter of the utmost dramatic importance—a complete failure to render Arnold's treason in the least degree comprehensible. He is at once the principal and the least successful figure in the story. The second fault is, however, of the most consequence, since it too often hinders action by a mass of irrelevant, however interesting, details, and confuses the province of history, which should omit nothing, with that of fiction, which should always omit far more material than it employs. In short, "A Great Treason" very nearly deserves to be called a great novel; nor are its faults such as to make the production of a great novel from the same pen in the least unlikely, so long as the authoress does not relax in her evident capacity for the well-nigh lost art among novelists of taking pains. Only she must remember that research and knowledge should be used for purposes of colour only, and that they obtain the best result when they are the least seen.

The purpose of the clumsily-named but clever story called "A Burglary; or, Unconscious Influence," by E. A. Dillwyn (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is summed up in the words of one of the leading characters: "You find that you had enormous power over him of which you knew nothing, and of course you naturally feel anxious as to how you may have used that power. The influence exercised by people who are loved over those who love them is so important a factor in the world's concerns, that I sometimes think it's almost enough to make all of us shrink from being loved because of the responsibility which that love lays upon our shoulders." The influence is in the present case exercised by Imogen Rhys, a young lady whose ruling passion is moth-hunting, and it takes the form of turning an exceedingly cynical and unprincipled scoundrel into a hero and martyr, who, in the teeth of his own character, loses his life for the sake of saving others. Both the purpose and the illustration are so fine that the authoress has been guilty of an unfortunate error of judgment in making her hero display his original depravity by turning gentleman-burglar. There is something improbable, clumsy, and even farcical about the forcible robbery of Ethel's jewels by the young man of good position in society whom she next meets in a fashionable ball-room; and this something both coarsens and weakens the effect of the whole. In spite of novelists, readers will not easily believe that the gentleman-burglar is a common object of society, so that his conversion is a matter of grave and widespread concern; and the story, being intended to deal with ordinary relations between men and women, is wasted upon persons in whose very existence but few will be found to believe. Moreover, Miss Dillwyn has hampered her plot with quite unnecessary difficulties. It is impossible to accept a complete novice in acting who achieves a triumph on her first appearance without having attended more than one rehearsal or having mixed with the company; or a stage manager who would have put the performance in such peril. It is to be hoped her example will not give fresh encouragement to amateurs. On the whole, with all its roughnesses and weaknesses, this story of unconscious influence is fairly interesting, and much more than ordinarily amusing.

"In the West Country," by May Crommelin (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is sadly disappointing as coming from the pen that wrote that charming and original story, "Orange Lily." Miss Crommelin has apparently been carried away by a desire to share in the very cheap and easy success which seems the assured right of autobiographical and mock-modest young ladies with the inevitable disagreeable sister, with a knack of combining pertness and sentiment, and with an idea that any sort of a story will do for a novel so long as it would be completely uninteresting out of one. From the average lady-novelist one looks for little better—the school is popular, and the demand must be blamed (if it be worth blaming), and not the supply. Still, those who are capable of better work are not numerous enough to be spared to the already over-full ranks of the very silliest of all the schools; and we are by no means disposed to congratulate the authoress of "Orange Lily" on the sort of success which "In the West Country" is tolerably certain to obtain.

Of other novels which we have not space to review at length the following lie upon our table:—"Only an Actress," by Edith Stewart Drewry (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "Justice Warren's Daughter," by Olive M. Birrell (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "The Foreigners," by Eleanor C. Price (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus); "Owlscroft," by "Nomad" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.); "A Tourist Idyl" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.); "Undine," by Caroline Birley (1 vol.: Manchester, John Heywood); "George Elvaston," by Mrs. Lodge (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.); "Beloved by the Gods," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer (1 vol.: Remington and Co.); "As One Possessed," by D. Cecil Gibbs (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Ring and Coronet," by "Arena" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.); "Society's Queen," by Ina Leon Cassilis (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "Jack's Cousin Kate," by E. C. Kenyon (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).



"CRUMBS FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE" - DISTRIBUTING FOOD THE POOR AT GUILDHALL AFTER THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET  
FROM THE PICTURES BY ADRIEN MARIE

## INDIAN FISHES

THE Fisheries Exhibition has made the public familiar with Indian fishes to a certain extent; but to see the monsters of the Indian Ocean to advantage it is necessary to stand on some such place as the beach at Madras, and watch the *catamaran* men coming in with their cargoes. Here is one, with a shark quite as long as his boat—if two or three logs tied together can be called a boat—and when he makes over the “*durea ki bugh*,” *anglicé*, sea tiger, to his wife, in order that she may take it off to the bazaar for sale, the great cavernous-mouthed head of the fish hangs over her shoulder, while its tail drags in the red dust behind. Another *catamaran* contains some fine pomfret, black and white—for there are two varieties of this excellent fish; the white, I think, the best. Pomfret resembles both turbot and plaice in flavour, and is not unlike these fish in appearance. A cunning way of dressing it is to boil it first, then ice it, and eat it with a very hot sauce, in which Nipal pepper is a prominent ingredient. But here is a luckier fisherman, with two or three fine *seer* fish. This is the fish that in India most nearly resembles the salmon; indeed the middle slice of a *seer* fish, eaten with prawn sauce, or plain parsley and butter, might be easily mistaken for salmon; but for one distinction, that the flesh is white, not red. The *seer* is caught by towing a bait, or even a bit of red rag, after the boat, and gives splendid play when hooked, plunging and darting here and there like a salmon. It would be a valuable fish to preserve in tins, as the flesh is very firm, and there are enormous quantities of the fish to be had all round the Indian Peninsula and the Island of Ceylon. Another naked fisherman, with a doleful face, has a basket of sea perch and a sea parrot. Neither are worth much. The first is what anglers on board steamships invariably catch when they fish off the vessel's side in port. Any number can be caught once one is beguiled, for the eyes of the dead fish are irresistible attractions to the living that are left. They are pretty little fish, something like a perch, but tasteless. The parrot fish is a prickly balloon with the beak of a bird. When first caught it has the power of blowing itself out to that extent that it sometimes bursts. Another fisherman is busy burying in the sand a fish like a skate. It is a *Whip Ray*, and it has a long spike in its back, with which it can inflict a very nasty wound. The fishermen bury them in such a way that they cannot jump about, and then easily extract or break the sting. Fishes of this genus are sometimes seen springing out of the water, and literally sailing several yards on their expanded fins or flippers. I saw a monster at Aden once do this, and imagine he must have been quite four feet long and as many feet broad. A man on the beach is piling up a huge heap of what looks like whitebait. But it is even better. This is the Indian sardine, which when fried à la *kebob* is a *bonne bouche* for any epicure. Subalterns call this, and another fresh-water fish which is treated in the same way, sergeants and sixes, as they resemble a guard drawn up in line, with the biggest one always at the end. One of the *catamaran* men's wives is walking off with a large basket of grey mullet on her head. They are much the same as the grey mullet at home, and are no more to be caught with a bait than their prototypes. In Madras they often pass under the name of Madras trout, and they resemble trout very closely when peppered and broiled. This woman has also a lot of whiting,—at least they are called whiting, but they are more like young sharks in appearance than the English whiting. And another has a few soles, as ugly here as anywhere else. The Indian sole, however, has not that taste of the sea which well aerated, cold Northern waters give the fish. There are several hammer-headed sharks in the boats, beasts that look like a yard of fish with a sledge hammer at one end, and there are some crimson fishes, and one yellow, which are probably unwholesome. I know that I was once very nearly poisoned by eating a bright yellow fish that I caught off a yacht in the More River, Malay Peninsula, and, as a rule, bright coloured fishes are dangerous in Eastern waters, though at Singapore they have a delicious fish called the “*Red Fish*,” which is the hue of a guardsman's coat. Many of these fish will be sold in the bazaars for something less than a halfpenny a pound, and even the best kinds can be had along the coast for a mere song. But lately there has been a great scare in India on account of the appearance of worms in fish,—chiefly pomfret and mullet; though I imagine the worms are simply parasites, and harmless when the fish is cooked. The disease first appeared in the French settlement of Pondicherry, south of Madras, and spread rapidly to Penang, in the Straits of Malacca, as well as up and down the coasts of India. For a time the fisherman's trade was seriously injured; but now it is revived again.

There are turtles, too, on the beach; but the Indian turtle, somehow or other, does not make good soup. I question if he is the right sort—the true Alderman's fancy. But a turtle “*beefsteak*” is an excellent dish, and much better than a steak cut off the quadruped. And there are loads of delicious prawns soon to be turned into the prince of all curries, and oysters for those who like to run the risk of eating them. It is a singular fact that the oysters on the East Coast of India, though magnificent to look at, and delicious in flavour, are often highly poisonous. If one is so unlucky as to get them in that condition the symptoms which follow are those of cholera. On the West Coast the oysters are harmless enough, for great quantities are consumed in Bombay, and sent up country, even as far as the Punjab, by rail. The natives, however, will on no account eat them, “because they have got no heads.”

Immense quantities of fish are salted and sent into the interior, where it forms a favourite food of the people in salt-fish curry. But the quantity that remains would feed the whole 250,000,000 of India in a famine. The Madras Government is now stimulating this industry by the establishment of fish-curing yards, and by allowing the dutiable article, salt, to be purchased on favourable terms for this purpose. But the native fishermen, though they are clever in catching fish with the rudest contrivances, are very unsystematic and *caste*-ridden. Often they won't go out when they ought to go out, and many of them drink like fishes. Their rude boats and nets, too, are often mortgaged, or are the property of middlemen. I believe that few steam launches, properly equipped with trawls, long lines, &c., and working on the South-West Coast of India and the Gulf of Manaar, would make a very good thing of it by salting in a superior fashion the fish they caught. The speculation, however, would have to be worked under European superintendence, or it would never pay. A singularity of Indian sea fish is that the very largest frequent the surf along the shore, and are often caught there. I remember once at Vizagapatam being very nearly knocked off my legs by a great fish while bathing in the surf, and there was a distinguished but eccentric general officer commanding there who used to bathe in his jackboots and spurs, the latter “to tickle the fish,” as he said. To catch them with rod and line, though, is always a difficult matter, because if there is not a tide or a current running to spin the bait few Indian sea fishes will look at it. In the Indian Ocean, on a very calm day, and when the sea is like a mirror, I have often been amused by the organised hunts of albacore, bonita, barracouta, and large deep-sea fishes. They systematically enclose a shoal of small fish, and drive them in a circle before them at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour. The water where this little game is going on looks as if it was boiling, and once I passed near enough to hear the turmoil down below as the trapped shoal made agonised efforts to escape the devouring jaws of their aggressors.

It might be supposed that India, with its great lakes and rivers, would be a famous place for fresh-water fish, but such is not the case. There are fishes, indeed, in the big tanks, or lakes, which

for size would put the heaviest pike or lake trout at home to shame; but Indian tanks are mostly unfishable. They are choked with water-lilies, and with a dense undergrowth of weeds, in which it is as hard to find a fish as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay. The natives often spear the large fish entangled in the weeds by torchlight, but lake-fishing, for a European, is generally a mistake. There are, perhaps, only two “*angling*” fishes worth the name in Hindostan; one is the mahseer, a kind of carp, and the other the Indian trout, found only in the North of India, and similar to the English brook trout, only that the spots on the Indian fish are blue, not red. I have seen a mahseer's head in a museum, of which it was said the fish it belonged to weighed eighty-four pounds. In the Northern rivers, such as the Jhelum, the mahseer affords good sport, but it is a very peculiar fish, as the modes of fishing for it will show. In some rivers it will take a salmon-fly, and in others it will only take a spoon. In the Nerbudda it is useless to fish with either of these, for the mahseer will only take “*gram*”—the pea that horses are fed upon. In one of the rivers of Central India the red berries of the Indian fig tree are a killing bait, and below the Gairsoppa Falls, on the West Coast (the highest in India), a piece of plantain has been found effective. Mahseer-fishing in the South, however, is tedious work. The rivers often run through dense and feverish jungles, and the glare off the water is blinding. The fish itself when caught is no better than any other carp for the table, though keen fishermen are enthusiastic about mahseer head and shoulders, with oyster sauce. There is only one fish in India that will persistently take a fly, but unfortunately, though a pretty, silvery, dace-like fish, it is never bigger than a sprat. This and roach abound in every Indian pond and puddle. I have even caught them with a black gnat in drinking wells, where, by the way, they greatly improve the quality of the water. Murrel, though, is the commonest fresh-water fish sold in India. It is a hideous beast, like a flattened eel, and with a serrated kind of ridge, or mane, down the back. I was once fishing with that poaching contrivance, an otter board, on an Indian tank, when I caught on the long line of hooks a murrel, an eel, a frog, and a water snake! Such an assortment! The snake was hooked through the body—foul. Murrel grow to an immense size in the lakes. I have seen one basking on the surface which myself and a friend mistook for an alligator. The flesh, to my taste, is concentrated essence of mud.

The great rivers of India, of course, contain a great number of fishes; some of them specialities, as the Hooghly, Indus, Godavery, and Kistna. The Indus is said to have the finest fish for the table of all—the pullah. This fish is caught by men swimming with the breast resting on an earthenware vessel. They push a hand-net before them, and soon fill the jar with fish. In the Hooghly they catch the “*mango*” fish, which, some say, owes its delicate flavour to the floating corpses in the river. In the Godavery they have a fish called the “*sable*,” which migrates to the sea as regularly as the salmon. I was once caught by this fish—or something like it. A friend in a boat put me, with my bamboo rod, on a pinnacle of rock out in the Godavery River, and in the middle of a reverie, or, perhaps, a *siesta*, produced by ill-luck, a big fish tugged the rod, and then myself after it, into twenty feet of water. Neither rod nor fish were ever seen again. But the quantities of fish in these great rivers is incredible. I have myself seen several cartloads of fine fish of all kinds taken out of a single pool in the hot season, and when the river is pretty well dried down. Such fish are chiefly used for their roe. The natives make a kind of *caviare* from it which is far from nasty. The rivers of the Malay Peninsula, however, are the most wonderful rivers for fish that I know of. The most extraordinary-looking fishes, and fishes of the most brilliant colours, are to be had there, and all day long the alligators may be seen busily employed among them, as the long trains of bubbles on the surface very well denote. But it is only sufficient to look at the indigenous angler to perceive at a glance that India can be no angler's Paradise according to our views of fishing. The aboriginal angler is usually a grandfather, most probably a pensioned Sepoy. He squats on his hams by the margin of a pond, and he squats thus from morn till dewy eve like the crane he resembles. He has the crane's trick, too, of stirring up the mud now and then to attract the fish, only the crane does it with one leg, and he uses the point of his bamboo wand for the purpose. He has a couple of linen bags round his neck; one full of dough and worms, and the other full of the sprats he has caught. His family probably send the old man out to get rid of him, but he looks as happy as any one may be expected to do under the circumstances.

F. E. W.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Two vocal duets for soprano and contralto, written and composed by Charles Rowe and Ciro Pinsuti, have appeared opportunely for the schoolroom preparation for the Christmas holidays, they are respectively “*Autumn*” and “*Round the Fire*;” they are both fairly easy and very tuneful, the second named is the prettier of the two, and will be the greater favourite.—Three pleasing songs for the drawing-room are “*Before the Morn*,” words by Fay Axtens, music by Frank L. Moir, published in two keys, C and D; “*The Silver Cloud*,” a charming ballad, written and composed by Mrs. H. Fennell Whitcombe and Collingwood Banks, of medium compass; and “*Voices of Home*,” the graceful poetry by the late Arthur Mathison, music by Alfred S. Walter.—“*Beneath the Waves*,” a vocal duet for soprano and contralto, is taken from a cantata for ladies' voices by Edward Oxenford, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott; it is easy and melodious.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Ordinary church choirs will find “*Te Deum*, in Simple Form for Parochial Use,” by James J. Monk, very useful, as it is easy without being weak.—*Pitman's Musical Monthly*, No. 1, Vol. I., which made its first appearance in October, is a perfect marvel of cheapness at a penny. Its contents are varied, and include songs, pieces for the pianoforte, a portrait and memoir of Madame Georgina Burns, prize competition, duet for violins, solos for the concertina and harmonium, and some amusing odds and ends (F. Pitman).—“*The Young Violinist's Tutor and Duet Book*, by a “*Professional Player*,” should be placed in the hands of all beginners, on account of the pleasing and attractive manner in which it is arranged on a new principle. The introduction gives some very useful and interesting hints to parents and beginners on the due study of this instrument, so charming when well played (Messrs. Jarrold and Sons).—The *Musical Circle* is a good shilling publication, which contains an ample supply of copyright and standard music, vocal, pianoforte, dance, violin, and cornet. It has arrived at Vol. IV., Nos. 37 to 48 (H. Vickers).—A popular music series, which will meet with a hearty welcome in the home circle, edited by Alfred H. Miles, contains “*The A 1 Book of English Songs*,” forty in number, with pianoforte accompaniments, amongst which are the oldest favourites, which still retain their position in spite of modern compositions. Of the same series are “*The A 1 Book of Irish and Welsh Songs*,” fifty in number; “*The A 1 Book of Scotch Songs*;” and “*The A 1 Book of Standard Glees, Rounds, Part-Songs, and Madrigals*.” Supplied with these volumes the winter evenings need not be dull (Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

## III.

THE chief laurels of nursery art are still carried off by Mr. Caldecott, whose comic pencil is again busy investing old friends with new faces. This year he gives us “*The Frog He Would a-Wooing Go*,” and “*The Fox Jumps Over the Parson's Gate*” (Routledge), both alive with fun and frolic, and abounding with right merry animal portraits. Look at Froggy'sairy gallantry when he takes leave of his fond mamma, or woos Mistress Mouse, and his prompt exit on the arrival of cat and kittens—a very study of tails. But perhaps the most genuine humour is shown in the cuts of the sporting parson, who, overcome by the sound of “*Tally-ho*,” flings his clerical gear to the winds and springs over the church gate, while a bridal party, left in the lurch, gape vacantly after their flying pastor. Here, too, are the artist's favourite old-fashioned lads and lasses, and some of this same generation he portrays in his characteristic illustrations to one of the most fascinating tales of the season, Mrs. J. H. Ewing's “*Jackanapes*” (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Humour and pathos are so cunningly blended in this brief sketch that the only complaint to be made is that the authoress has cut her story too short. Mrs. Ewing has become quite a children's poetess this year, supplying amusing rhymes to the Society's tasteful “*Verse Books for Children*.” With André's fanciful pictures these are really marvels of cheap art for little people.

Amongst illustrated books of a more important class comes a reprint of the late David Scott's designs for Coleridge's “*Ancient Mariner*” (Nelson). Though now reproduced on a much smaller scale, these drawings still powerfully interpret the mystic spirit of the poem. An enthusiastic biography and description of the plates is furnished by the Rev. A. L. Simpson, who might avoid such long-winded expressions as “*homologating*.” Still dealing with examples in black-and-white, we have two telling specimens of the American school of engraving in Keble's “*Evening Hymn*” and Poe's “*Raven*” (Griffith and Farran)—the peaceful studies of Nature and mankind being as appropriate to the familiar hymn as Mr. W. L. Taylor's more fanciful representations to Poe's weird production. These strong effects of light and shade contrast greatly with Mr. Heywood Sumner's illustrations to “*Sintram and His Companions*” (Seeley) which belong to the old Teutonic school. This version of La Motte Fouqué's romance is framed on Archdeacon Hare's translation, and the engravings are well worthy of the chivalric text. And amongst Art picture-books a high place must be claimed for Miss Laura Troubridge's graceful illustrations to Hans Andersen's well-known story of “*Little Thumb*” (Mansell). These delicate imaginative drawings in monochrome admirably carry out the poetic style of the Danish author, and, in their turn, are rendered more effective by the peculiar dark border. The book is really too pretty for the nursery, where E. F. Manning's “*Little Pinafore's Scrap Book*” (Ollendorff) is much more suitable. Following a familiar plan, this amusing volume provides coloured pictures and rhymes with copies in outline for small artists to colour, ample directions preventing them from going astray, and this same style of amusement is the object of Miss Helen Miles' “*Outline Pictures for Little Painters*” (Wells Gardner). Here, however, young people can please themselves as to the tints for filling in these sepia sketches on their sober grey ground. Miss Miles also draws some pretty children for the merry story of “*From Do-Nothing Hall to Happy-Day House*” (Wells Gardner), with its neatly-conveyed moral; and, though not belonging to so high an order of art as Miss Troubridge's compositions, the edition of yet another of Andersen's fairy tales, “*The Snow Queen*” (Wells Gardner), is most daintily illustrated by T. Pym, whose contributions are perhaps better suited to childish comprehension. Nowadays the fun has been toned down with the colouring, so that it is quite a change to meet again with those old friends who have given us many a hearty laugh,—the comic sheet-pictures by Dr. Busch, so often seen in music shop-windows. The late Mr. J. C. Hotten brought out the first English text of these witty “*Bilderbogen*,” and the most popular have now been re-issued as “*The Fool's Paradise*” (Griffith and Farran). Another reprint is Miss Ida Waugh's “*Holly-Berries*” (same publishers), which is also divided into a collection of small books as “*The Holly Series*,” while further examples of this favourite mixture of picture and verse are Mr. Stanford's “*Play-Time*” (Chatto and Windus), and Messrs. Warne's small “*Queen's Gift*” and “*Forget-Me-Not*” series, where the borderings are particularly pretty, the colour being a little too liberally bestowed elsewhere. Generally, in this type of work, the literary is decidedly inferior to the pictorial portion, but Mr. F. E. Weatherly's grave and humourous ditties which M. E. Edwards and J. C. Staples so charmingly illustrate in “*Told in the Twilight*” (Hildebrand and Faulkner), are much above the average merit of such productions. The work deserves high praise for its taste and originality, every minute detail being treated in an artistic spirit. Evidently Mr. J. R. Hodgson is a near disciple of Mr. Caldecott, judging from his sketches for those familiar ballads, “*The Maids of Lee*” and “*The Men of Ware*” (same publishers), which show a keen sense of the comical. But modern children, now almost satiated with finished specimens of nursery art, may look wonderingly at the once popular picture-books of a bygone age—“*The Butterfly's Ball*,” “*Peacock at Home*,” &c., which Messrs. Griffith and Farran have reproduced with strict fidelity to the quaint originals. True literary curiosities these, with Mulready's engravings.

Professor Church's researches in purely classic fields, Mr. Lanier's versions of *Froissart* and the Arthurian cycle, &c., are familiar enough, and now come Mr. J. Baldwin's excellent renderings of two famous national epics, “*The Story of Roland*” and “*The Story of Siegfried*” (S. Low). In both cases Mr. Baldwin has woven the legends into one continuous narrative, and has preferred to select incidents from various versions rather than follow one original alone. Further, he has introduced such contemporary fables as fit well into the story. Occasionally he takes liberties with tradition, and, as he frankly owns, draws on his own imagination—rather needlessly to our thinking; but his work is well done, and the two daintily got-up volumes will be a highly acceptable present. Howard Pyle's illustrations to “*Siegfried*” are more picturesque than correctly drawn. In strong contrast to these mythical Olden World heroes stands out the plain, unvarnished tale of a hero of New World history, “*George Washington*” (Hodder and Stoughton). American Presidents are Mr. W. M. Thayer's own special theme, and he sketches the career of the “*Father of His Country*” after the fashion of his anecdotal biographies of Garfield and Lincoln. Yet the author does not waver to his subject, as in “*From Log-Cabin to White House*.” Otherwise the biography is thoroughly readable, being written in easy, colloquial style, and with fitting Republican sincerity. Another biographical work takes us back to early ages and ecclesiastical history. Perhaps the Rev. J. G. Cazenove's “*St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Martin of Tours*” is, popularly speaking, one of the least satisfactory of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge's “*Fathers for English Readers*,” owing to its extremely controversial tone. Able as he writes, the author too often wanders outside his subject into lengthy dissertations on Christian doctrines. The struggles of early Christianity also form the basis of Mrs. Hall's novelette, “*Noble, but Not the Noblest*” (Hodder and Stoughton), a well-known picture of Roman life, pointing out the errors of rigid asceticism.

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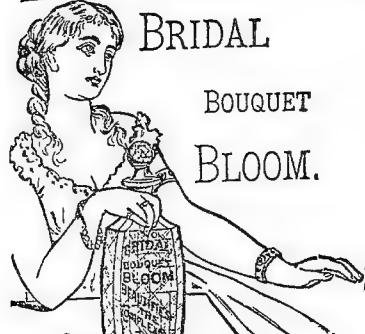
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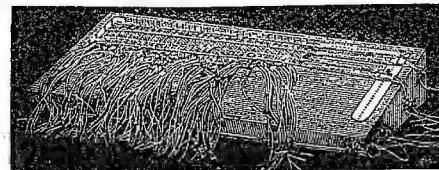
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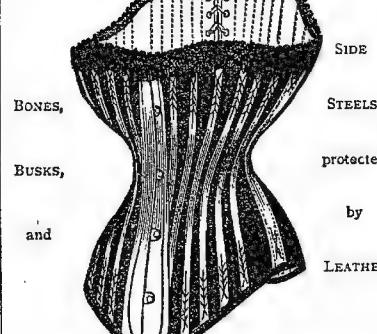
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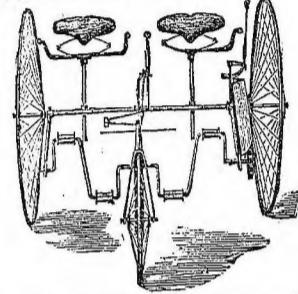
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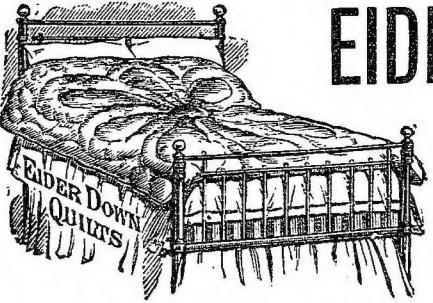
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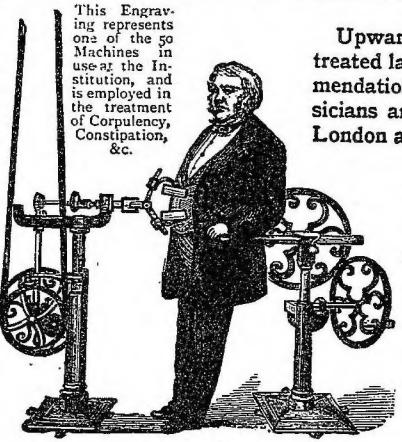
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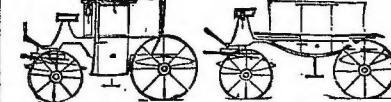
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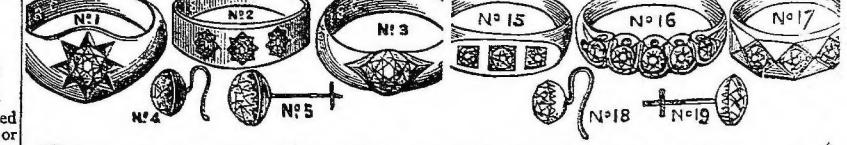
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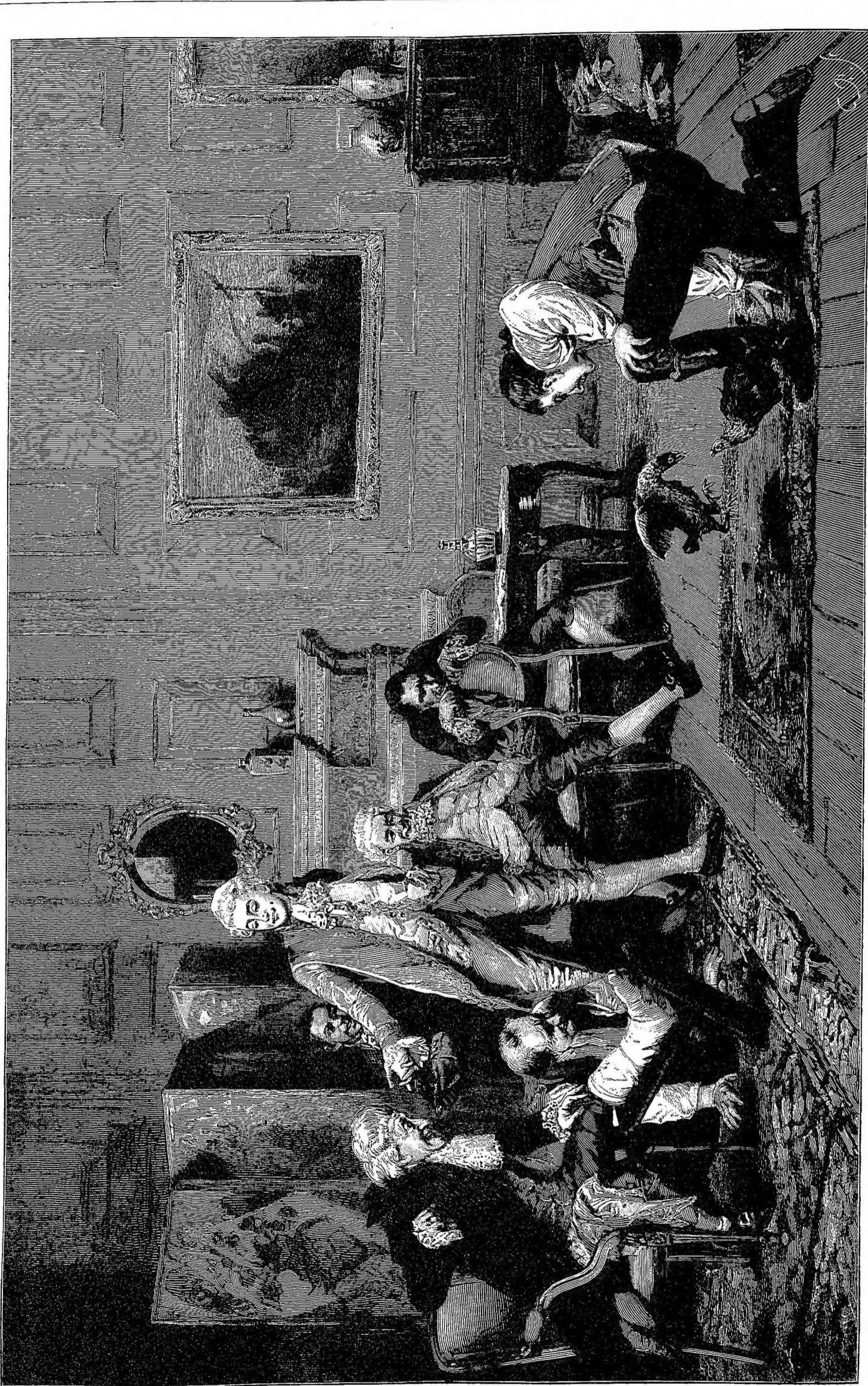
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